PVBLII
OVIDII NASONIS
DE ARTE AMANDI.

OR,

The Art of Love.

in Three Books.

The Proheme. p. 1.
Book. 1st 3
2. 33
3. 64

Ovids Remedy of Love in
Book. 1st ---------- p. 1.
2 ---------- 19

PUBLII

OVIDII NASONIS

DE ARTE AMANDI.

OR,

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PVBLII.

OVIDII NASONIS

DE ARTE AMANDI:

OR,

The Art of Loue.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this multitude,
That in the art of Loue is dull and rude.
Me let him reade, and my lines rehearse,
He shall be made a Doctor by my verse.
By art of sailes and oares Seas are diuided,
By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guided.
By art are bridles rein'd in, or let slip:
Typhis by art did guide the *Hemonian* ship.
And me hath *Venus* her Arts master made,
To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
And time succeeding shall call me alone,
Loue's expert *Typhis* and *Automedon*.
Loue in himselfe is apish and vntoward,
Yet being a child, Ile whip him when he's froward:
Achilles in his youth was taught to run
On the stringed Lute a sweete diuision,

Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,
Instructing him in old *Philerides*:
He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes,
Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.
His furious rage was knowne to be a Sutor,
And with submission kneele vnto his Tutor:
Æneides by *Chiron* was instructed,
And by my arts Loue himselfe conducted,
Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Thetis* ioyes,
Both shrewd, both waggish, and vnhappy boyes:
Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoke is worne,
The proud Steed chewes the bit which he doth scorn
And though Loues darts my own heart cleaue asunder,
Yet by my art the wag shall be kept vnder,
And the more deepe my flaming heart is found,
The more I will reuenge me of my wound;
Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,
Behold, thy arts I doe not falsly clame,
Of *Clios* sisters, loe I take no keepe,
That in the vale of *Aseas* feede their sheepe.
Proud skie I teach of what I haue bene taster,
Loue bids me speake, Ile be your skilfull master:
And what I speake is true, thus I begin
Be present at my labours Loues faire Queene,

Keepe hence you modest maides & come not neare,
That vse to blush and shamefast garments weare,
That haue scant ruffes & keepe your haire vnseene,
Whose feete with your white aprons couered bene,
For *Vestas* virgins here no place is left,
My muse sings *Venus* spoiles and Loues sweete theft,
What kinde affections louers thoughts do pierse,
And there shall be no fault in this my verse,

FINIS.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

Firſt thou that art a Freſhman and art bent,
To beare Loues armes and follow *Cupids* tent,
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou muſt doe,
arne how to ſpeake her faire, to plead and woe:
ſt hauing wonne thy Miſtris to thy lure,
each thee how to make that loue endure,
is is my aime, Ile keepe within this ſpace,
in this road my Chariot wheele ſhall trace.
ilſt thou liueſt free and art a Batcheller,
loue of one aboue the reſt preferre:
whom thy ſoule ſayes, you alone content me,
ſuch a one ſhall not from heauen be ſent thee;
are not dropt downe from the azure skies,
thou muſt ſeeke her out with buſie eyes.
ll knowes the Huntſman where his toyle to ſet,
d in what denne the Boare his teeth doth whet:
ll knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,
e Fiſher knowes what poole moſt fiſh are in,
d thou that ſtudieſt to become a louer,
arne in what place moſt Virgins to diſcouer.
oe not bid thee ſayle the Seas to ſeeke,
travell farre to find one thou doſt like,

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negroes* sought,
And faire *Andromede* from *Inde* brought:
Or *Paris* who to steale that dainty peece,
Trauelld as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
Behold the populous Citie in her pride,
Yeelds thee more choise then all the world beside.
More eares of ripe corne growes not in the fields,
Nor halte so many boughes the Forrests yeelds:
So many greene leaves growes not in the vvoods,
Nor swim so many fish in the salt floods.
So many Starres in heauen you cannot see,
As here be prettie vvenches, *Rome*, in thee.
Faire *Venus* in the Citie of her sonne,
Is honoured with *Æneas* first begun.
If in young Lasses thou delight, behold.
More Virgins thou maist see then can be told:
If vvomen of indifferent age vvill ease thee,
Amongst a thousand thou maist choose to pleaseth
If ancient women, in the Citie bee
Matrons admired for their grauitie:
To find a Matron Widdovv, or young Maide,
Walke but at such time vnder *Pompeies* shade,
When as the Sunne mounts on the *Lyons* backe,
And store of all degrees thou shalt not lacke:
Or to that marble walke vvhich vvas begun,
And ended by a Mother and her Sonne.
Abroad, at noone, betimes, or euening late,
That day vvhich vve to *Isma* consecrate,
Or to the fifty sisters *Belus* daughters,
That all saue one made of their husbands slaughte
Or that same holliday vve yearely keepe,
In which faire *Venus* doth for *Adon* weepe,
Or in the Seuenth day sacred more then all,
Which the Iewes nation do their Sabboth call:

r to the *Miemphian* Church, where many a vow,
made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her cow;
to the market place, which way is short,
omen of all estates do there resort,
epaire else to the pulpets, even the same
which our learned Orators declaime,
re often as the pleaders tongue stroke dumbe
t ose attractiue eyes that thither come.
ere he to vvhom anothers cause is knovvne,
eaking of that, vvants vvords to pleade his owne;
ns reioycing smiles to see from farre,
e Lawyer made a client at the barre;
t most of all I would haue thee stir,
the play time vnto the Theater,
here thou shalt find them thicke in full great nom-
e matted seates and the degrees to comber, (ber,
mongst that goodly crew thou mast behold.
hom thou both lou'st, suest to, & fame would hold
ooke as the laden Ants march to and fro,
d vvith their heauie burdens trooping go;
as the Bee from flovver to flovver doth flie,
aring each one her hony in her thigh;
d round about the spacious fields do stray,
do the faireſt vvomen to a play.
at I haue wondered how it could include,
beauties such a gallant multitude.
here many a Captiue looke hath conquered beene
ither sole armed to see and to be seene.
reat *Romulus* thou first these playes contriues,
o get thy vviddowed souldiers *Sabines* vviues,
those dayes from the marble house did vvaue,
o saile, no silken flag, no ensigne braue;
he tragicke stage in that age was not red,
here vvere no mixed colours tempered;

Then did the Scæne want Art, the vnready ſtage,
Was made of graſſe and earth in that rude age.
Round about vvhich the boughes were thickly pla
The people did not thinke thẽſelues diſgraced: (co
Of tuffe and heathy Sods to haue their ſeates,
Made in degree of ſods and maſſie peates.
Thus plac'd in order, euery *Roman* pride,
Into his Virgin eyes, and by her ſide
Sate him downe cloſe, and ſeuerally did moue,
The innocent *Sabine* vvomen to th ir loue.
And vvhilſt the Piper *Theuſcus* rudely playde,
And by their ſtamping vvith his foot had made,
A ſigne vnto the reſt, their was a ſhout,
Whoſe ſhrill report peirſt all the ayre about.
Now with a ſigne of rape giuen from the king,
Round through the houſe the luſtie *Romans* fling
Leauing no corner of the ſame vnſought,
Till euery one a frighted Virgin caught.
Looke as the trembling Doue the Eagle flies,
Or a young Lambe vvhen he a Woolfe eſpies:
So run theſe poore girles, filling the ayre with ſhrie
Emptying of all the colour in their pale cheekes.
One feare poſſeſt them all, but not one looke,
This teares her haire, ſhe hath her wits forſooke.
Some ſadly ſit, ſome on their mothers call,
Some chafe, ſome flye, ſome ſtage, but frighted all
Thus were the rauiſht *Sabines* bluſhing led,
Becomming ſhame vnto each *Romans* bed:
If any ſtriu'd againſt it, ſtrait her man,
Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wa
And ſay, why weepeſt thou, ſweet, what ailſt my de
Dry vp thoſe drops, theſe clouds of ſorrow cleare
Ile be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt ſmother,
Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his ſouldiers pleaſe,
To giue them ſuch faire Miſtreſſes as theſe.
If ſuch rich wages thou wilt giue to me,
Great *Romulus* thy ſouldier I vvill be,
From that firſt age the *Theater* hath bin,
Euen like a trap to take faire vvenches in;
Frequent the Tilt yard, for there oft times are,
Cluſters of people thronging at the barre.
Thou ſhalt not need, there with thy fingers becken,
Of vvincking ſignes, or cloſe nods doe not recken:
But where thy Miſtris ſits, doe thou abide,
Who ſhall forbid thee to attaine her ſide.
As neare as the place ſuffers ſee thou get,
That none betwixt thee and her ſelfe be ſet;
If thou beeſt mute and baſhfull I will teach,
How to begin and breake the ice of ſpeech;
Aske vvhoſe that horſe was vvhat he was did guide
Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (him,
Which in the courſe or barriers beſt did do,
And whom ſhe likes, him doe thou fauor to.
When thou eſpieſt where *Romes* beſt gallants ſit,
Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Miſtris hand it;
If duſt by chance vpon her garments fall,
Looke with thy ready hand thou bruſh it all.
And though none fall, yet looke that without ſcoffe
Thou with thy dutious hand beate that none off.
And let the leaſt occaſion ſhew thy dutie,
None can be too ſeruile vnto beautie:
If her looſe garments hang downe that the skirt,
Licke vp the duſt, or fall into the dirt:
Officious be to lift it vp againe,
And from the fluttiſh earth do beare her traine.
Haply thy dutious guardian ſuch may be,
That thou her foote or well ſhapt leg maiſt ſee.

Bevvare that none behind her rudely crush her,
Or with his hard knees or his elbowes brush her:
Small fauours womens light thoughts captiuate,
And many in their loues make fortunate.
Beating the dust, and fanning the fresh aire,
Or to her wearie foote but adde a staire.
Such diligence and dutie often proues,
Great furtherance to many in their loues.
Within these lists hath *Cupid* battaile sounded:
And he that makes men wounds, himselfe bin wounded
As careleſſe of himselfe he pries about,
To know which conquerors of the Champions stout,
He feeles himselfe pierst vvith a flying dart,
And wounded sore, compla[illegible]s him of his heart.
Oh vvhat assemblie did there come to see,
Great *Cæsar* stand in all his royaltie.
Prayſing his prizes in their shouts and skips,
Tooke in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ships,
From both sides of the Seas young Gallants came,
And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:
Then vvas the Cittie throng'd, who could not find,
In that faire crew a Saint to please his mind.
Oh gods! how many did kind fancy driue,
Strangers to vs, vs vnto them to vviue.
Behold great *Cæsar* through the whole world famed
Will adde vnto the nations he hath tamed.
The Easterne kingdomes here to ouerpast,
And they of all his Conquests shall be last,
See where a stout reuenger comes in armes,
Whose haughtie breast the flower of honour warmes,
That being but a child leades warre in chaines,
But more then children can by warre constraines.
Thy birth-day shall by generall accord,
With all the newest vertues be ador'd,

Thy

Thy vviſedome which might well become the aged:
Shall in the ſelfe ſame ranke he equipaged:
That all the vvorld may vvonder one ſo young,
Hath ſuch a ripe vvit, and ſo queint a tongue.
Thy gifts out-ſtrip thy age, whoſe ſlow pace lingers.
Such vvas his inſtant ſtrength, who 'twixt his fingers
Cruſht two inuenom'd Snakes being in the cradle,
What would he do being mounted in the ſaddle,
As great as *Bacchus* vvhen his yeares yet greene,
Was in his power amongſt the *Indies* ſeene:
Is *Caſar* heire unto his fathers ſpirit,
That his fore-fathers vertues do inherit,
With their auſpitious fortune proudly dight,
Wars, and ſhall vanquiſh ſtill where he doth fight:
Such be the fates, decree muſt be his fame
That ſhall vvage battell under *Cæſars* name.
Liue ſtill thou, Youth, of whom thou now art king.
With milke white heads and beards thy praiſes ſing,
Revenge thy vvronged brothers, thy dead father,
And to the vvars millions of people gather.
Thy father, and thy countries father too,
Caſe thee in armes againſt thy inſulting foe.
Thou bear'ſt religious armes ſo doth not he,
Wrong leades him forth, but Iuſtice fightes for thee:
Behold the *Parthians* are alreadie ſlaine,
The Eaſt yeelds homage to the *Latine* traine.
Caſar and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both
Be powerfull in his iourney now he goeth,
I propheſie his conqueſt and his praiſe,
In a rich ſtile vnto the heavens Ile raiſe:
With my field words he ſhall his armie cheare,
Which with their ſweet ſound ſhal inchant each eare.
Whilſt I the *Parthians* flight deſcribe at large,
Who backward ſhoot, as flying, their foes charge,

And

And of the *Romans* reſoluion vvrite,
In vaine poore *Parthian* ſouldiers thou doſt fight,
Mars the great god of armes, forſake thy droome,
In vaine thou hop'ſt by flight to ouercome:
In what day ſhalt thou faireſt of all things,
Be deckt with gold, attended on by Kings
And drawne along by foure white ſnowie ſteeds.
To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.
The vvhilſt thy troopes of ſouldiers round inuirons,
The Captaine of the enemie bound with irons:
Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,
Which they before did practiſe in their fight.
The ioyfull youngmen mingled with ſweet laſſes,
Will croud and preſſe to ſee him as he paſſes.
And now being met, no ſweet occaſion balke,
Make ſpeech of any thing to enter talke;
Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
And take vpon thee to explaine each ſhow.
As thus ſhe *Euphrates* that firſt proceeds,
Hauing her head bound with a reath of reeds:
Call the next *Tigris*, with her haire all blew,
Maides may be flattered, to thinke fained things true
Say this preſents *Armenia*, *Denae* ſhe,
In the next place let *Achemonia* be. (ble,
That man's a conqueror, captiues they that trem-
Speake truly, if thou canſt, if not diſſemble.
Thence if you go to banckquet and ſit downe,
To taſt ſweet Viands and to drinke a round,
There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,
Obſeruing loue, more then the crimſon vvine,
Cupid himſelfe alwayes inured to rapes,
Hath with his owne white hand preſt *Bacchus* grapes.
Vntill his wings with ſprinkled wine made vvet,
He heauy ſits and ſleepes where he is ſet.

The

The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,
Which from his drowned wings the dry aire takes.
But from his breast so soone he cannot drine,
Loue sprinkled there, though nere so much he strine.
Wine doth prepaire the spirits, heates the braine hot,
Expels deepe cares, makes sorrowes quite forgot:
Moues mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poore man
And not remembring need to laugh aloud: (proud,
Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudenes banish,
Refineth arts, and at vvine sight vvoes vanish.
In vvine hath many a young mans heart bin tooke,
And borne away in a faire wenches looke.
In wine is lust and rancknes of desire.
Ioyne vvine and loue, and you adde fire to fire:
Choose not a face by torch-light but by day,
Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.
Trust no made lights, they will deceiue thine eye,
Thou canst not iudge by torch-light, nor in twie,
At the broad noone tide, when the Sun shin'd rarest,
Did *Paris* say to *Hellen* thou art fairest.
The night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,
And no mishapt deformitie can find.
Stones and dyed Scarlet by the day we chuse,
The broad day and bright sunne in beauty vse:
Sometimes vnto those places taske thy feete,
Where the faire forrest hantresses do meete.
In number more then sea sands, else prepare,
To the vvarme bathes, where many a female are:
There some or other hurt by *Cupids* stroke,
Where troubled waters with warme brimstone smoke
Mistakes the wounds, cause and exclaming raues,
Not blaming Loue, but those vnwholsome waues:
See where *Dianaes* grouie Temple stands,
Where kingdoms haue bin won by slaughtring hãds

Because

Becauſe ſhe *Cupid* loathes and liues chaſt ſtill.
Much people he hath ſlaine and much ſhall kill:
Thus farre my Muſe hath ſung in diuers ſtraines,
Where thou maiſt find fit place to let thy traines,
My next endeauour is to lay the ground,
To atchieue and vvin the Miſtris thou haſt foũnd.
Be prompt and apt, you that ſhall read my lines,
And vſe attention to their diſciplines,
The firſt ſtrict precept I enioyne your ſence,
Needfull to be obſeru'd is conſcience:
Be confident, thy ſute being once begun,
And build on this, they all are to be vvonne.
Firſt ſhall the birds that welcome in the ſpring,
All mute and dombe for euer ceaſe to ſing:
The ſommer Ants leaue their induſtrious paines,
And from their full mouthes caſt their loaded gaines.
The ſwift *Menalian* hounds that chacing are
Shall frighted runne backe from the trembling hare,
Before a vvanton wench once tempred by thee
Poore foole, ſhall haue the hard heart to deny thee,
Stolne pleaſure vvhich to men is neuer hatefull,
To vvomen, is now and at all times euer gratefull:
The difference is a Maide her loue vvill couer,
Men are more impudent and publicke louers:
Tis meet we men ſhould aske the queſtion ſtill,
Should women do it, it would become them ill.
The Heifers ſtrength being once ripe and mellow,
After the Bull ſhe through the fields will bellow.
The Mare neighes after the couragious Steed,
But humane luſt doth not ſo much exceed.
Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keepe time & ſeaſon,
Not beſtiall made like theirs, but mixt with reaſon,
Shold I of *Byblis* ſpeake whoſe hot deſire
Doth to the brothers lawleſſe bed aſpire:

And

And when the inceſtuous deed ſhee well ſuſpendeth,
With reſolution her ſweete life ſhe endeth:
Mirrha the loue of her owne father ſought,
Affecting him, but not as daughters ought:
Her bodie in a tree rough rinde appeares,
And with her ſweete and odoriferous teares,
Our bodies vve perfume, theſe are the ſame,
Mirrh of their miſtris *Mirrha* that beares the name:
In *Ida* of tall tree and Cedars full,
There fed the glorie of the heard, a Bull, (grew,
Snow vvhite, ſaue twixt his hornes one ſpot there
Saue that one ſtaine, he vvas of milkie hew,
This Bullocke did the Heifers of the groues,
Deſire to beare as Prince of all their droues,
But moſt *Paſiphae* vvith adulterous breath,
Enuies the louely Heifers to the death:
I ſpeak knowne truth, this cannot *Crete* deny,
With all her hundred Cities built on hie.
Tis ſaid that for this Bull the doating Laſſe,
Did uſe to top freſh boughes and mow young graſſe,
Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queene afeard,
To grow a kind Companion to the heard;
Thus through the Campaigne ſhe is madly borne,
And a wild Bull to *Minos* giues the horne.
Tis not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,
Then vvhy, *Paſiphae*, doſt thou ſo richly cloth thee.
Why doſt thou thus thy face and lookes prepare,
What makſt thou with thy glaſſe ordring thy haire.
Vnleſſe thy glaſſe could make thee ſeeme a Cow,
And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
If *Minos* pleaſe thee, no adulterer ſeeke thee,
Or if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee:
But thy laſciuious thoughts are ſtill increaſt,
Deceiue him vvith a man, not vvith a beaſt,

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wild woods are frequen-
And leauing the Kings bed she is contented: (ted,
To vse the groues borne by the rage of mind,
Euen as a ship with a full Easterne vvind.
How often hath she with an enuious eye,
Look'd on the Covv that by her bull did lie:
Saying, oh vvherefore did this Heifer moue,
My hearts chiefe Lord, and vrge him to her loue.
Behold, hovv she before him ioyfull skips,
And proudly setting on the greene grasse lips:
To please his amorous eye, thē charg'd the Queene
See in these fields that cow no more be seene.
No sooner to her seruants had she spoke,
But the poore beast was straight put to the yoake,
Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queene slew,
And their warme bloud the alters did imbrevv:
Whilst by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
And gripe their trembling entrailes in her hands.
Oft praid shee to the gods, but all in vaine, (slaine,
To appease their dieties with bloud of beasts thus
And to their bowels spake, go, go, be gone,
To please him whom I fondly doate vpon.
Now doth she wish her selfe *Europa* then,
To be faire, so pasturing in the fenne.
Io a beast in shape, hide, hoofe, and horne,
Onely *Europa* on a beast was borne.
At length the Captaine of the heard beguilde,
With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.
The longing Queene obtain'd her full desire,
And in the childs birth did bewray the sire:
Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thiestes* bed,
She had not with her child bene banished.
Nor *Phœbus* stopt his *Carr* that so bright burned,
And his Steeds backe do to the morning turned.

King

King *Miſus* daughter that vvas held ſo faire,
Stole from her fathers head the purple haire:
And hanging at the ſhip vvas in her fall,
Chang'd to a bird in voice, in ſhape and all.
Another *Silla* was by *Circes* ſpels,
Made a Sea monſter, and in the ocean dwels:
Beneath whoſe navell barketh many a hound,
Whoſe rauenous gulfe like throats ſhip, and men
The wiſeſt of great *Aleides* that by land, (drownd.
Fled the great God of vvar, and did vvithſtand:
Neptune by Sea, behold alas ſhe dyes.
A wofull and lamented ſacrifice:
Whoſe ſorrowes only not bright *Cruſaes* flame, (ſame
Wiſhing their ſalt teares might haue quencht the
Who could but weepe to ſee young children ſlaine,
Whilſt their warme bloods their mothers garments
Phanux Anmutors daughters ſhe laments, (ſtaine,
The ſwift paſt hurrying chariot teares and rents.
Chiefe miſchiefes all by womens luſts engender,
Some of their hearts be tough, though moſt be ten-
Womens deſires are burning, ſome contagious, (der
Mens are more temperate, farre & leſſe outragious:
Then in my art proceed nor doubt to enioy,
And win all women be they nere ſo coy.
Vſe them by my directions, being learn'd by thee,
Not one amongſt a thouſand will deny thee:
Yet loue they to be vrg'd by ſome conſtraint,
As well in things which they deny as grant;
But take thou no repulſe, iſt not a treaſure.
To enioy new delights and taſte freſh pleaſure.
Varietie of ſweets are welcome ſtill,
And acceptableſt to a womans will:
They thinke that corne beſt in anothers field,
Their neighbors goate the ſweeteſt milk doth yeeld.

But firſt ere ſiege be to thy Miſtris laid,
Practiſe to come acquainted vvith her maid:
She can prepare the vvay, ſeeke thy redreſſe,
And by her meanes thou maiſt haue ſweet acceſſe.
To her familiar eare your counſels ſhow,
And all your priuate pleaſures let her know:
Bribe her vvith gifts, corrupt her with reward
With her that's eaſie vvhich to thee ſeemes hard,
She can chooſe times, ſo times Phyſitions keepe,
When in thy Miſtris armes thou ſafe maiſt ſleepe,
And that muſt be when ſhe is apt to yeeld,
What time the ripe corne ſwels within the field,
When baniſht ſorrowes, from her heart remoue,
And giues mirth place, ſhe lies broad wake to loue.
Whilſt Troy was penſiue, 'twas well fenc'd and kept,
But then betraid when they ſecurely ſlept:
Yet ſometimes proue her, when thou find'ſt her ſad,
Mourning her owne vvrong vvith ſome vſage bad.
Follow that humour with thy fluent tongue,
She'l grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.
Her may the induſtrious maide betimes prepare,
And ſoftly whiſper, yet that ſhe may heare,
Such wrongs no woman that hath ſprit can beare:
So ſhe proceeds to thee, lifts thy praiſes hie,
Sweare for her chaſt loue thou art bent to dye,
And there ſtep in, and doubt not to preuaile,
Yet ere her furious anger hath ſtrooke ſaile,
Rage in that Sea: delay conſumes and dyes,
Like ice againſt the ſunne; no grace deſpiſe
That from the hand-maid comes; with all thy power
Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower,
She is induſtrious, and made apt for ſport,
And by her office limits your reſort.

She, if her owne counsell may be closely kept,
Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,
My counsell is from these things to abstaine,
I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
Nor following me shall any be misled:
But of the Maide by whom thou send'st thy letter,
With her care please thee well, with her face better
Begin not therefore vvith the Maide to toy.
Thy Mistris loue and fauour first enioy.
One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
Nor let my words amongst the windes depart:
If thou hast mou'd her once, take no deniall,
Resolue to act, or neuer to make tryall.
From feare and blame thou art secure and free,
As soone as she pertakes the crime with thee.
You see the Bird that to the morning sings,
Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings:
Nor can the sauage Boare with brisled backe,
Breake through those toyles, which he before made
The fish that glides along the siluer brook, (slack,
Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hooke,
So hauing once but try'd her, make her yeeld,
And neuer part but conquer from the field:
The fault being mutuall knowing how she fell,
The bashfull girle will be asham'd to tell.
But she can shew thee in familiar phrase,
Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and sayes:
Alwayes be secret, if your guilt appeare,
It will in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.
He is deceiu'd that thinkes all times auaile,
For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to saile:
All seasons are not kinde when men should sow,
Times must be pickt, to haue your graine well grow.

Nor alwayes is the surging ocean fit,
That the vvell fraughted ship may saile in it:
Nor is it alwayes time faire girles to vvoe,
Sometimes abstaine, so doth thy Master doe.
Omit her birth day, and those Calends misse,
When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstaine to kisse:
At some forbidden seasons being deckt,
With princely tire, vse her with great respect:
In the breame vvinter when that *Phaebe* raine.
From the sweet worke of *Venus* most abstaine;
Forbeare the like resort amongst thy wenches,
When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches,
Thou shalt begin euen in that very day,
When wofull and lamenting *Allia*.
Lookes on the tragicke earth, made crimson red,
With the wild *Romans* wounds, which that day bled
Or in the seuenth day which is held deuine,
And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
Thy Ladyes birth-day Ceremonies make,
And superstitiously all workes forsake.
Aboue all dayes let that a blacke day be,
When thou giuest ought, or she doth beg of thee,
You shall haue some into your bosomes creepe,
Who iestingly will snatch things they will keepe,
And by some slight or pretty wanton suite,
To enrich themselues will leaue thee destitute:
First shall the Linnen draper bring his wares,
And lay his packe wide open, as at Faires.
She will peruse them as thou standst her nigh,
The whilst the Draper askes what will you buy?
Straite will she craue thy iudgement in the Lawne,
Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawne:
Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may try it,
Thus by her flattery thou art vvonne to buy it.

Can

Lib: 1 Art of Love

Canſt thou deny the wanton ſhe will ſweare,
This guift ſhall ſerue her vſe for many a yeare;
It is now cheape, ſhe hath great need of this,
And euery word ſhe mingles with a kiſſe.
Haſt thou no coyne about thee, thou ſhalt ſend,
To intreat it by a letter from thy friend.
What? muſt I needs preſent her with this casket,
Becauſe that on her birth-day ſhe doth aske it?
Then euery day ſhe wants ſhe will be ſworne,
That as that very day ſhe's bred and borne,
Or vvhen I ſee her how ſhe ſadly vveepes,
And faigning ſome falſe loſſe much ſeeking keepes,
As if ſhe had let fall ſome precious thing,
A iewell from her eare, her hand a ring.
What's that to me, or if I heare her pray,
To borrow this or that, vntill ſome day.
What's lent is loſt, and to be found no more,
Women things borrowed neuer will reſtore.
Ten tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart,
Halfe the ſleights vſed in the ſtrumpets art,
Make loue with letters, and thy money ſaue,
And let them wax, and inke, and paper haue,
Keepe what thou haſt, for words good words ſurren-
For flattery, like falſhood euer tender. (der,
Faire vvords are cheape, what elſe thou giu'ſt is
Matter, ſpeake faire, 'tis done with little coſt, (loſt,
Old *Priam* by intreaty *Hector* vvonne,
Which bribed *Achilles* neuer would haue done:
Force is but weake, intreatie hath her odds,
So we intreat, but not inforce the gods:
A promiſe is a charme to make fooles fat,
Full of them, promiſe no matter what:
A promiſe is a meere inchanting witch,
A promiſe 'tis an eaſie matter to be rich.

Data dona ſicut dæ mella geniſta.

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,
Hope is a goddesse false, yet true to thee.
Giue her and say, you part on some disdaine,
Thou by her looseth, she by thee shall gaine:
Be alwayes giuing, yet your guise still keepe,
And thy delayes in words well harmed steepe,
So hath the barren field deceiu'd the swaine.
So doth the Gamster loose in hope to gaine:
Loue that on euen hands growes is most pure,
That which comes gratis longest doth endure.
Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her,
A letter breakes the ice of any suiter:
A letter in an apple writ and sent,
Wonne faire *Cidippe* to her louers bent.
You *Roman* Youthes all other toyes resigne,
Leaue the seuen liberall Arts and Muses nine:
As when you heare an Orator declame,
The people iudge, and Senate grace the same.
So when the faire maides thou shalt come among,
Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue.
But speake not by the booke, it breeds offence,
To Court in strange and fustian eloquence:
None but a gull such bastard words will praise,
Or in his speech vse an inforced phrase.
Who but a mad man else with Orations,
Plead to his loue, and woe in declamations.
Vse a smooth language, and accustomed speech,
And with no straining discourse loue beseech.
As if thou camst to speake a studied part,
But as immediately sent from the heart.
If she receiue thy lines, and scornes to read them,
But casting them away, on the ground tread them:
Despaire not though, but that she may in time,
And will with iudging eyes peruse thy rime.

In time the ſtubborne Heifers draw the waine,
In time the wildeſt ſteeds do brooke the raine:
Time frets hard iron, in time the plow ſhares worne
Yet the ground ſoft by which the ſteele is torne.
What's harder then a ſtone, or what more ſoft
Then water is, and yet by dropping oft
The gentle raine will eate into the flints,
And in their hard ſides leaues impreſſiue dints.
Do but perſiſt the ſuite thou haſt begonne,
In time will chaſte *Penelope* be wonne:
Long vvas it ere the Cittie *Troy* was taine,
Yet vvas it burnt at length and *Priam* ſlaine.
Hath ſhe peruſde the ſcrowle thou didſt indite,
And vvill ſhe not as yet an anſwer vvrite:
Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
That ſhe hath read it, and thy loue doth ſee.
Feare not, if once ſhe reade vvhat thou haſt writ,
She will vouchſafe in time to anſwer it.
At firſt perhaps her letter vvill be ſowr,
And on thy hopes her paper ſeeme to lowr:
In vvhich ſhe vvill coniure thee to be mute,
And charge thee to forbeare thy hated ſuite,
Tuſh, what ſhe moſt forewarnes ſhe moſt deſires.
In froſty vvoods are hid the hotteſt fires.
Onely purſue to reape what thou haſt ſowne,
A million to a mite ſhe is thine owne.
If thou by chance haſt found her in ſome place,
Downe on her backe and vpwards with her face.
Occaſion ſmiles upon thee, thanke thy fate,
ſteale to her beſides with a theeuiſh gate:
And hauing wonne, vnto her vviſely beare thee,
With vvatchfull care that no Eaueſdropper heare thee.
Or if ſhe vvalke abroad without delay, *vvhen thou meereſt her*
Be thou a quicke ſpie to obſerue her way. *Keepe abroad.*

Keepe in her eye, and crosse her in the street,
Here ouertake her, at that corner meet.
Then come behind her, then outstrip her pace,
And now before her, and now after trace.
Now fast, now slow, and euer moue some stay,
That she may find thee still first in her way,
Nor be afraid, if thou occasion spie.
To iog her elbow as thou passest by.
Or if thou happenest to behold from farre,
Thy Mistris crossing to the Theater:
Hye to the place, being there looke round about thee
And in no seate let her be found without thee
No matter though the play thou do not mind,
Thou sights enough within her face shalt find,
There stand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
There speaking lookes may whisper thy desire;
Applaud him whom she likes, if thou discouer,
In any straine a true well acted louer.
Make him thy instance, court her, by all skill,
If she rise, rise, if she sit, sit thee still:
Laugh thou but when she smiles, dye when she lowers
And in her lookes and gestures loose thy howers.
Thy legs with eating pumice do not weare,
Vse not hot irons to crispe and curle thy haire:
No spruce starch fashions should on louers waite,
Men best become a meere neglected gate.
Blunt *Theseus* came with no perfumes to *Creete*,
And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him sweete.
Phædra did loue *Hippolitus*, yet he,
Had on his backe no Courtly brauery:
Adonis like a woodman still was clad,
Yet *Venus* doated on the louely lad:
Goe neat and handsome, comelinesse best pleases,
And the desire of women soonest ceases.

Vse

Vse a meet gate, thy garments without staine,
Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine:
Thy tong haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare
And vvhite, and let no rust inhabite here.
Weare thy shooes close and fit, and not to vvide,
Cut thy haire compasse, euen on either side:
Let no disordered haires here and there stand,
But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.
Make blunt thy nayles, pare them & keepe them low
Let no stiffe haires within thy nostrils grow;
Keepe thy breath sweet and fresh lest ranke it smell,
Such is the ayre where bearded goates do dwell.
All other loose tricks and effeminate toyes,
Leaue them to wanton girles and iugling boyes;
Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
He fauours louers and those amourous flames,
In which he hath beene scorcht, it so fell out,
Mad *Ariadne* strayd the Ile about;
Being left alone within that Desert plaine,
Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine;
Who making from her rest, her vaile vnbound,
Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
Her golden haire dissolued, aloud she raues,
Calling on *Theseus* to the defuged waues,
On *Theseus*, cruell *Theseus*, vvhom she seeks (cheeks,
Whilst showers, of teares make furrowes in her
She calls and weepes, and weepes and calls at once,
Which might to ruth moue the senceles stones.
Yet both alike became her, they all grac'd her,
Ne whilst she striues to call him, or cry faster,
Then beates she her soft breast, and makes it groane;
And then she cryes what is false *Theseus* gone?
What shall I doe? she cryes, vvhat shall I doe?
And with that note she runs the Forrest through,

The tale of Theseus and Ariadne.

When suddenly her eares might vnderstand,
Cimballs and Timbrells toucht with a loud hand:
To which the forrest woods and caues resound:
And now amaz'd she senceles falls to ground.
Behold the *Nymphes* come with their scattered haire
Falling behind, which they like garments weare.
And the light *Satires* an vntoward crew,
Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew.
Then old *Silenus* on his lazie Asse.
Nods with his drunken pate about to passe.
Where the poore Ladie all in teares lies drown'd
Scarce sits the drunkard, but he falls to ground:
Scarce holds the bridle fast, but staggering stoopes,
Following those giddy *Bacchanalian* troopes.
Who dance the wlid *Lanalto* on the grasse,
Whilst with a staffe he layes upon his Asse.
At length when the young *Satires* least suspect,
He tumbling falls quite from his Asses necke:
But vp they heaue him, whilst each *Satire* cryes,
Rise good old father, good old father rise.
Now comes the god himselfe, next after him,
His vine like chariot driuen with *Tigres* grimme:
Colour and voice, and *Theseus* she doth lacke,
There would she fly, and there feare puld her back
She trembles like a stalke the vvind doth shake
Or a weake reed that growes besides the lake.
To whom the God spake, Lady take good cheare,
See one more faithfull then false *Theseus* here,
Thou shalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a guist,
Receiue high heauens, and to the spheares be list,
Where thou shalt shine a starre to guide by night,
The wandring Seaman in his course aright;
This said, least that his *Tigres* should affray,
The trembling maide, the God his coach doth st

And leaping from his Chariot with his heels,
He prints the sand, with that the *Nymph* he feeles;
And hugging her, in vaine she doth resist,
He beares her thence, Gods can doe what they list.
Some *Hymen* sing, and *Io* cry,
So *Bacchus* with the Maide that night doth lye;
Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
And thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe;
Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,
The quaffing healths doe not offend thy head.
In wine much hidden talke thou maist inuent, *Loue tricks vsed in eating and drinking.*
To giue thy Lady note of thy intent.
To tell her thou art hers, and she is thine,
Thus euen at board make loue tricks in the wine.
Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
How with thy speaking eye to moue thy suite;
Good language may be made in lookes and wincks,
Be first that takes the cup vvherein she drinks.
And note the very place her lip did tuch,
Drinke iust at that, let thy regard be such.
Or vvhen she carues, what part of all the meate
She vvith her finger tuch, that cut and eate;
Or if thou carue to her, or she to thee,
Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
Be with her friend familiar, and be sure,
It much auailes to make thy loue endure;
When thou drink'st, drinke to him aboue the rest,
Grace him, and make thy selfe a thankfull guest.
In euery thing preferre him to his face,
Though in his function he be nere so base.
The course is safe, and doth secureneſſe lend,
For who suspectleſſe may not greet his friend.
Yet though the path thou tread'st seeme straight and plaine.
In some things it is full of rubs againe,

Drinke

Drinke sparingly, for my impose is such,
And in your singling him take not too much:
Carouse not too much. Carrouse not but with soft and moderate sups,
Haue a regard and measure in your cups.
Let both thy feet and thoughts their office know,
Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow
By too much vvine from fighting most abstaine,
In such a quarrell was *Eurition* slaine: (after,
Where swaggering leades the vvay mischiefe comes
Iunkets and vvine were made for mirth & laughter,
Sing. Sing, if thy voice be delicate and sweet,
Dance. If thou canst dance then nimbly shake thy feet.
If thou hast in thee ought that's more then commō,
Shew it; such gifts as these most please a woman,
Though to be drunke indeed may hurt the braine,
Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.
Instruct thy lisping tongue sometimes to trip,
That if a word misplac'd doe passe thy lip;
At which the carping presence find some clause,
It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cause.
Then boldly say, how happy were that man,
That could enfold thee in his armes and then
Wish to embrace her in her sweet hearts steed,
Whom in her care thou raueſt to see dead.
But vvhen the table's drawne, and she among,
The full crew rising, thrust into the throng.
And tuch her softly as she forth doth goe,
And vvith thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to speake, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both loue and fortune aide.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetoricke true loue show,
Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,
Make as thy tong could wound thy soule with griefe
And vse what art thou canst to winne reliefe.

All

l women of themselues selfe-loued are,
ne fouleſt in their owne conceits are faire:
aiſe them, they will beleeue thee, I haue knowne,
meere diſſembler a true louer growne.
ouing in earneſt what he fayn'd in ſport,
en, oh you Maides, vſe men in gentle ſort:
affable, and kind, and ſcorne eſchew,
ue forg'd at firſt may at the laſt proue true.
t faire words worke into their hands as brooks,
o a hallow banke that ouerlooks:
e margent of the vvater praiſe her cheeke,
e coulour of her haire commend and like.
r ſlender finger and her pretty foote,
r body and each part that longs vnto't:
d women as you hope my ſtile ſhall raiſe you,
arge you to beleeue men when they praiſe you,
praiſes pleaſe the chaſteſt Maides delight,
heare their Louers in their praiſe to write.
o and *Pallas* hate the *Phrigian* ſoile,
ere *Paris* to their beauties gaue the foile.
n yet they enuy *Venus* and ſtill dare her,
come to a new iudgment which is fairer.
e Peacocke being praiſed ſpreads her traine,
ſilent and he hides his wealth againe.
ſes trapt richly praiſe them in their race,
y vvill curuet and proudly mend their pace.
ge promiſes in loue I much allow,
y call the gods as vvitnes to they vow;
Ioue himſelfe ſits in the azure skies,
laughes below at louers periuries.
mmanding *Eolus* to diſperſe them quite,
n *Ioue* himſelfe hath falſly ſworne ſome write:
tix to *Iuno*, and ſince then doth ſhow,
ours to vs that falſly ſweare below.

All God

Gods surely be gods, we must thinke they are,
To them burne incense, and due rights prepare:
Nor do they sleepe as many thinke they do,
Lead harmlesse liues, pay debts and forfeits to.
Keepe couenant with thy friend and banish fraud
Kill not, and such a man the gods applaud.
Say vvomen none deceiue, the gods haue spoken,
There is no paine impos'd on faith so broken.
Fallere fallentem non est fraus. Deceiue the sly deceiuer, they find snares,
To catch poore harmelesse louers unawares.
Lay the like traines for them; nine yeares some fa
Busiris kild Thrasius because he was a stranger. In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of raine.
When *Thrasius* to the grim *Busiris* goes,
And from the Oracle this answer showes:
That *Ioue* must be appeasde with strangers blood
They said *Busiris* kild him where he stood:
And said withall, thou stranger first art slaine,
To appease the gods and bring great *Egypt* raine
Phallaris bull, King *Phallaris* first said,
With the worke-master that the Engine made.
Both Kings were iust, death deathes inuenter try
And iustly in their owne inuentions dye.
So should false oathes, by right false oathes begu
And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile:
Weepe to her. Then teach thy eyes to weepe, teares perswade t
And moues obdurate Adamant to ruth.
At such especiall times that passing by,
She may perceiue a teare stand in thy eye.
Kisse her. Or if teares faile, as still thou canst not get them
With thy moist fingers rub thy eyes and wet them
Who but a foole that cannot iudge of blisses,
But when he speakes will with his word mixe ki
Say she be coy, and will giue none at all,
Take them vngiuen, perhaps at first she'll braw

ue and resist her all the wayes she can,
d say withall away you naughtie man.
t will she fight like one would loose the field,
d striuing gladly be constrain'd to yeeld:
not so boisterous, doe not speake to kie,
t by rude hurting of her lips shee cry.
that gets kisses with his pleading tongue,
d gets not all things that to loue belong;
ount him for a Meacock and a sot,
orthy to loose the kisses that he got.
at more then kissing wanted of the game,
s thy meere dastardie, not bashfull shame:
ey terme it force, such force comes welcome still,
at pleaseth them, they grant against their will.
æbe the faire was forc'd so was her sister,
Phœbe in her heart thank'd him that kist her:
ere is a tale well knowne how *Hecubs* sonne,
steale faire *Hellen* through the streame did run,
us who by his censure wonne in *Ide*,
ue to him in requitall this faire bride:
w for another world doth saile with ioy,
welcome daughter to the King of *Troy*
e whilst the *Grecians* are already come,
u'd with this publike wrong against *Ilium*:
hilles in a smok his Sex doth smother,
d layes the blame vpon his carefull mother.
at makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
hen *Pallas* in a caske should hide thy skull?
hat doth that palme with webs and thrids of gold,
hich are more fit a warlike shield to hold?
hy should that right hand rocke and twig containe
which the *Troyan Hector* must be slaine,
ast off these loose vailes and thy armour take,
nd in thy hand the speare of *Pelias* shake.

Thus

Thus Lady like he vvith a Lady lay,
Till vvhat he vvas her belly did bewray:
Yet vvas she forc'd, so ought we to beleeue,
Not to be so inforst how would she grieue.
When he should rise from her still would she cry,
For he had arm'd him and his Rocke laid by,
And with a soft voice spake *Achille* stay,
It is to soone to rise, lye downe I pray.
Be secret in loue. And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,
What force *Deidemeis* call you this.
There is a kind of feare in the first proffer,
But hauing once begun she takes the offer.
Trust not to much young man to thy faire face,
Nor looke a woman should intreat thy grace,
First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
Be forward in her eare to sue and pray.
If thou wilt reape fruits of thy Loues effects,
Onely begin 'tis all that she expects.
So in the ancient times *Olimpian Ioue*,
Made to *Heroes* suite and wonne their loue:
But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbeare,
For many what most flyes them hold most deare:
And what they may have profer'd fly and shunne,
By soft retreat great vantage may be vvonne.
In person of a vvoer come not still,
But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:
Thou camst her friend, and shalt returne her Loue,
A white soft hew my iudgement doth disproue,
Giue me a face whose colour knowes no Art,
Which the greene sea hath tan'd the Sunne made
Beautie is meere vncomely in a Clowne, (swart
Beautie not approued in a man. That vnder the hot Planets plough the ground.
And thou that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeeme,
To haue a white face it would ill be seene.

et him that loues looke pale, for I proteſt,
hat coulour in a Louer ſtill ſhewes beſt:
rion wandring in the vvoods lookt ſickly,
phne being once in loue loſt coulour quickly,
hy leanneſſe argues loue, ſe eme ſparely fed,
nd ſometimes weare a night-cap on thy head:
r griefes and cares that in afflictions ſhow,
eaken a Louers ſpirits and bring him low.
ooke miſerably poore, it much behoues,
hat all that ſee you, may ſay, yon man loues.
all I proceed or ſtay, moue or diſſwade?
iendſhip and faith of no account are made.
ue mingles right with wrong, friendſhip deſpiſes,
d the world faith holds vaine, & ſlightly priſes.
y Ladies beauty do not thou commend,
thy companion or thy truſty friend:
aſt of thy praiſe enamoured it may breed,
ke loue in them with paſſions that exceed,
t was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*,
ſtain'd by his deare friend *Aſtorides*,
e wife of *Theſeus* though ſhe went ſtray,
s chaſt as much as in *Pirithous* lay.
rbus and *Pallas*, *Hermoins*, *Phillades*,
d the two twins vve call *Tindarides*:
nd to the like, but he that in theſe dayes,
the like truſt acquires the ſelfe-ſame praiſe.
may as well from weeds ſeeke ſweet roſe buds,
ples of thornetrees, hony from the floods,
thing is practis'd now, but what is ill,
aſure is each mans God, faith they excell:
d that ſtolne pleaſure is reſpected chiefe,
ich falls to one man by anothers griefe:
miſcheeſe you young louers, feare not thoſe,
t are your open and profeſſed foes,

Looke pale.

Leane.

ſickly.

Suſpect thy friend in loue.

Suſpect

Suspect thy friend, though else in all things iust,
Yet in thy Loue he will deceiue thy trust.
Friends breed true feares in loue the presence hate,
Of thy neare kinsman, brother and sworne mate:
I was about to end, but loe I see,
Quot capitat tot sensus. How many humourous thoughts in women be.
But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raise,
A thousand humours woe a thousand wayes:
One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,
This is for vines, here corne, their olives spring.
More then be seuerall shapes beneath the skies,
Haue womens gestures, thoughts, and fantasies:
He that is apt will in himself e deuise,
Innumerable shapes of fit disguise.
To shift and change like *Proteus* vvhom vve see,
A Lion first, a bore, and then a tree.
Some fishes strangely by a dart are tooke,
These by a net, and othere by a hooke.
All ages not alike intrapped are,
The crooked old wife sees the traine from far.
Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,
Nor loose to one with chastitie indu'd:
Should you so do, alas the prettie elues,
Would in the want of Art distrust themselues.
Hence comes it their best fortunes some refuse,
And the base bed of an inferiour chuse;
Part of my toyles remaines, and part is past,
Here doth my shaken ship her ancker cast.

FINIS.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE.

Sing to *Io Paan*, twice twice *Io* say,
My toyles are pitcht, & I have caught my pray:
Let the glad Lover crowne my head with bayes *Paris.*
And before old blind *Homer Ouid* praise. *Pelops.*
So did King *Priams* sonne exulting skip,
With the faire rauish'd *Helen* in his ship:
So did he sing that in his Chariot runne,
And Victor like the bright *Atlanta* wonne:
Whether away young man thy Barke is lost,
Yet in the mid Sea farre from any coast:
'Tis not enough to thee by new art,
To find a Lady that command thy heart.
The reach of my inuention is much deeper,
By art thou her shalt win, by Art shalt keepe her:
As difficult it is by Art to find her,
To thy desires, as at the first to find her.
In this consists the substance of my skill,
Cupid and *Venus* both assist me still.
And gracious *Erato* my stile prepare,
Thou art the muse that hast of Louers care.
I promise wondrous things, I will explaine,
How sickle thoughts in loue may firme remaine:

And how the wag in fetters may be hurl'd,
That strayes and wanders round about the world:
Yet is loue light, and hath two wings to fly:
'Tis hard to out-strip him mounting the skie,
What *Minos* to his guest alwayes denyed,
A desperate passage through the ayre is tryed:
As *Dedalus* the Labyrinth hath built,
In vvhich to shut the Queene *Pasiphaes* guilt.
Kneeling he sayes, iust *Minos* end my mones,
And let my natiue country shroud my bones.
Grant me great King, what yet the fates deny,
And where I haue not liu'd, o let me die:
Or if dread Soueraigne I deserue no grace,
Looke with a piteous eye on my childs face,
And grant him leaue, from whence we are exilde,
Or pitty me, if you deny my childe.
This and much more he sayes, but all in vaine,
Both sonne and sire still doth the King detaine.
Which he perceiuing, said, now now 'tis fit,
To giue the world cause to admire thy vvit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor land nor Sea lyes open to our flight.
Onely the ayre remaines, then let vs try,
To cut a passage through the ayre and fly:
Ioue be auspitious to my enterprise,
I count not to mount aboue the skies:
But make this refuge since I can prepare,
No meanes to fly my Lord, but through the ayre
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,
Of the blacke *Stigian* waters, *Styx* Ile swim.
Oh humane vvit, thou canst inuent much ill,
Thou searchest strange arts, who would thinke by
A heauy man like a light bird should stray,
And through the empty heauens find a fit way.

The tale of Dedalus & his sonne Icarus.

He placeth in iuſt order all his quils,
Whoſe bottoms with reſerued wax he fills:
Then bindes them with a line, and being faſt tide,
He placeth them like oares on eyther ſide.
The litle Lad the downy feathers blew,
And what his father wrought he nothing knew:
The wax he ſoftned, with the ſtrings he playd,
Not thinking for his ſhoulders they were made:
To whom his father ſpake, and then looke pale,
With theſe ſwift ſhips we to our land muſt ſaile,
All paſſage now doth cruell *Minos* ſtop,
Onely the empty ayre he ſtill leaues ope;
That way muſt we, the land and the rough deepe,
Doth *Minos* bar the ayre, he cannot keepe,
But in the way beware thou ſet no eye,
On the ſigne *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie;
Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,
That beares a ſword, but iuſt with me keepe place,
Thy vvings are now in faſtning, follow me,
I will before thee fly, as thou ſhalt ſee.
Thy father mount or ſtoope, ſo I arreed thee,
Take me thy guide, and ſafely I will leade thee,
If we ſhould ſoare too neare great *Phœbus* ſeat,
The melting wax will not endure the heate,
Or if we fly too neare the humid Seas,
Our moiſtened wings we ſhall not ſhake with eaſe.
Fly betweene both, and with the guſts that riſe,
Let thy light body ſaile amidſt the skies,
And euer as his litle ſonne he charmes,
He fits the feathers to his tender armes.
And ſhewes him how to moue his body light,
As birds do teach their litle yong ones flight,
By this he calls a counſell of his wits,
And his owne wings unto his ſhoulders fits,

Being about to riſe he fearfull quakes,
And in his new way his faint body ſhakes:
But ere he tooke his flight he kiſt his ſonne,
Whilſt flouds of teares downe by his cheeks did run.
There was a hillocke not ſo high and tall,
As lofty mountaines be: nor yet ſo ſmall;
To be with valleyes euen, and yet a hill,
From this they both attempt their vncouth skill:
The father moues his wings, and with reſpect,
His eyes upon his wandring ſonne reflect.
They beare a ſpacious courſe, and the apt boy,
Feareleſſe of harmes in his new tract doth ioy.
And flies more boldly, now upon them looks,
The fiſhermen that angle in the brooks.
And with their eyes caſt upward frighted ſtand,
By this is *Samos* Iſle on their left hand:
With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the reſt,
Feareleſſe they take the courſe that likes them beſt.
Vpon the right hand *Lentithos* they forſake,
Now *Aſpitea* with the fiſhy lake:
Shadie *Pachinne* full of vvoods and groues,
When the raſh boy to bold in ventering roues,
Looſes his guide, and takes his flight ſo hie.
That the ſoft wax againſt the Sunne doth fry.
And the cords ſlip that made the feathers faſt,
So that his armes haue power vpon no blaſt:
He fearefully from the high clouds looks downe,
Vpon the lower heauens whoſe curld waues frowne.
At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
He ſees blacke night and death before his eyes:
Now melts the wax his naked arme he ſhakes,
And ſeeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
But now the naked Lad downe headlong falls,
And by the way he father, father calls:

Help

Helpe father, helpe he cryes, and as he speakes
A violent waue his course of language breakes.
The vnhappy father, but no father now,
Cryes out aloud, sonne *Icarus* where art thou:
Where art thou *Icarus*? where dost thou flye?
Icarus where art? when straite he doth espie,
The feathers swimme, when straite he doth exclame
The earth his bones, the Sea still keepes his name.
Minos could not restraine a man from flight,
But winged *Cupid* be he nere so light.
He gulls himselfe that seekes to witches craft,
Or with a young colts forehead make a draft.
No power in wise *Medeus* potions dwels,
Nor drowned poysons mixt with magicke spels:
The power of Loue is not inforc'd by these,
For were it so, then had *Ersondes*,
Bene stayd by *Phasius*, and *Vlisse* kept,
Who stole from *Circe* while the inchantresse slept.
These charmed drugs moues madnesse, hurts the braine
To gaine pure loue, pure loue returne againe
Mischieuous thoughts eschew to purchase grace,
Manner preuailes more then a beautious face,
And yet the *Nimphes* the loue of *Nelus* seeke,
And *Homer* doats on *Nereus* the faire Greeke.
But trust not thou thy beauty to keepe kind,
Thy Mistris seekes the beautie of thy mind.
All outward beautie fades as yeares increase,
Euen so it weares away and waxeth lesse.
Beautie in her owne course is ouertaken,
The violet now fresh is, straice forsaken.
Nor alwayes do the Lillies of the field,
The glorious beauties of their obiect yeeld;
The fragrant rose once pluckt the briery thorne,
Shewes rough & naked, on which the rose was borne

Vse in Charmes.

No Magicke Potions.

Vse manners.

Oh thou moſt faire, vvhite haires come on apace,
And wrinckled furrowes which will plow thy face,
Inſtruct thy ſoule, thy thoughts haue perfect made,
Theſe beauties laſt till death, all others fade.
To liberall arts thy carefull howers apply,
Learne many tongues with their true Euphony;
Vliſſes was not faire but eloquent,
Yet to his Loue the Sea *Nymphes* did conſent.
How often did the Witch his ſtay implore,
Making the Seas vnfit for ſaile or oare,
She prayd him oft, becauſe he ſpake ſo well,
Ouer and ouer *Troyes* ſad fate to tell.
Whilſt he with pithy words and fluent phraſe,
Recites the ſelfe-ſame ſtory diuers wayes.
Calipſo as they on the Sea banke ſtood,
Caſting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood;
Deſires the fall and bloody acts to heare,
Wrought by the *Ordriſon* Captaines ſword & ſpeare
Then holding twixt his fingers a white wand,
What ſhe requeſts he drawes vpon the ſand.
Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints,
Thinke *Simois* this, imagine theſe my Tents;
There was a place in which *Dolon* was ſlaine,
About the virgill watch when with the raine,
The *Hemonian* horſes play, and as he ſpeakes,
To counterfeit that place the ſand he breakes,
Here *Scithian Rheſus* tents are pitcht on high,
This way his horſemen ſlaine, returned I.
More did he draw, when on the ſuddaine low,
A clyming waue the ſhore doth ouerflow,
And as her drops amidſt his workes doth fall,
It waſht away his tents, his *Troy* and all;
To which the Goddeſſe dares *Vliſſes* try,
Theſe ſenceleſſe violent waues that clime ſo hie:

And

And wilt thou with theſe vvaters be annoyed,
By which ſo great names are ſo ſoone deſtroyed.
Then truſt no idle ſhape, it will decay,
Seeke inward beautie, ſuch as laſts for aye:
Sweet affability will enter farre, *Be affable.*
Into a womans breaſt, when ſcorne breeds war,
We hate the Hawke, and loath her fleſh to eate,
Becauſe by rapine ſhe doth get her meate:
The Woolfe we hunt, and enuy all her ſtocke,
Becauſe the Lambe ſhe kils, and ſpoyles the flocke:
But none the gentle Swallow layes to catch,
The louing ſtocks within our turrets hatch, *Shun ſtrife.*
Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
Loue with kind language and faire ſpeeches ſpeeds,
Strife makes the married couple often iarre,
The man with wife, the wife with man to warre:
Leaue braules to wiues; they are their marriage dower,
And with kind words ſalute thy Paramore
When by appointment thou ſhalt meet in bed,
By the lawes done you are not thither led:
Strict ſtatutes from ſuch actions ſtil withdraw,
Yet your abounding loue ſupply the Law:
Bring louing ſpeeches to inchant the eare,
And mouing words, ſuch as ſhe ioyes to heare: *Be louing.*
I am not Tutor vnto him that's rich,
My precepts ſoare not to ſo high a pitch.
The Louer that's endow'd with gold or fee,
And comes with gifts, he hath no need of me.
He that at euery word can take ſupply,
Hath in that euery word more wit then I.
We yeeld to him he that their laps can fill,
Teacheth an Art that goes beyond my skill,
My Muſe inſtructs poore louers wanting pelfe,
For when I lou'd, I was but poore my ſelfe,

Still as my purse no store of crownes affords,
I in the stead of rich gifts giue faire words.
Be feareful you poore louers to displease,
Be patient to endure things against your ease.
Be gatient. Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap,
Once as my head lay in my Mistris lap.
To grow inrag'd, when strait I fell to beate her.
To touse her ordered lockes and ill intreat her.
But what ensued, oh God, much griefe it cost me,
Many sweet dayes, many sweet night it lost me.
Whether I toucht her cloathes I might deny,
She sayes I tore them, I some new must buy:
You scholiers by your masters harmes beware,
These ills by him already prooued are.
Make against the *Parthians* warre but to thy Loue
Being conco'd peace, and all things that can moue;
Though at the first you find them but vntoward,
Beare it, and time will proue lesse froward.
The crooked arme that from the tree is cut,
By gentle vsage is made streite, but put;
Such violence is vse, thy strength deliuers,
And thou wilt breake the short wood into shiuers.
By industrie thou maist ore-wimme a floud,
Whose raging currant else is scarce withstood,
By industrie the *Tygers* gently grow,
And the wild Lions may be tamed so.
The sauage Bull whose fierce ire doth prouoke,
By industrie is brought vnto the yoake;
Arcadian Atalanta was most cruell,
At length came one whom she esteem'd her Iewell,
Oft wept *Hippomanes* at his mishap,
And her seuerity who sought to intrap
Her harmeles Louers, oft at her fierce becke,
He layd betwixt his shoulders and her necke.

he toyles for sauage beasts, and with his speare,
epterst such vntam'd cattell as came neare,
o such hard taskes I do not thee compell,
o arme thy body against Monsters fell,
n the wild vvilderne ſſe to seeke out broyles,
Nor on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles,
y imposition is not so seuere,
o such aduentures are enioyned here,
This onely meanes all dangers will disperse,
eeld her her humour when she growes peruerse, *Humour her.*
What she in conference argues, argue thou,
hat we approues, in selfe same vvords allow,
y vvhat she sayes, deny what she denyes,
she laugh, laugh if she weepe wet thine eyes.
nd let thy countenance be to thine a law,
o keepe thy actions and thy lookes in awe:
Or if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice, *Loose to her*
t tables or at chests by some deuise, *at game.*
et her depart the Conquerour else 'twere sinne,
hat gladly thou wouldst loose, that let her win
et thy officious hand then beare her fan, *Beare her*
Vhen thou shalt chance her through the streets to man, *fan.*
ake thy supporting arme to hers a stay,
hrough throngs and presses vsher her the way;
s she ascends her by degrees her staire,
y vvhich to clime and euery thing prepare:
hat she may see them done without offence,
each thou her pantesles or take them thence.
nd standing by to vvatch her while she rests,
Warme thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts:
Nor thinke it base, 'twill please though it be base,
o hold the glasse vnto thy Mistris face,
He that deseru'd within the heauens to tarry, *Hercules.*
Which he before vpon his backe did carry.

Performing

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him,
So ſtrong, that no fierce mõſter could withſtand him
Euen he *Alcides Isles*, Grace to win.
Shapt like a woman did both card and ſpin.
Go thou, and in his ſeruile place proceed,
And gaine as faire a Miſtris for thy meed:
Art thou enioyn'd at ſuch an hower to be,
In the great *Forum* vvhere ſhe vvaites for thee.
Haſten thy weary ſteps, and thanke thy fate,
Come there betimes, depart not thence till late,
Bids ſhe thee go, all buſineſſe lay apart,
Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.
Sups ſhe abroad, and wants ſhe one to attend her,
Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her:
To waite her at the ſame place in the porch,
And light her home directly with a torch:
Is ſhe in the Country, and commands thee come,
Haſt thou no coach, vpon thy ten toes run:
Let neither winter blaſt, nor ſtormes of haile,
Nor the hot thirſty dogſtarre let thee faile:
Shun neither heate nor cold, but ſee thou go,
Though euery ſtep thou treadſt knee deepe in ſnow
Loue is a kind of warre, all ſuch depart,
As beare a timerous or a ſlothfull heart. (ons.
Nights, winters, long wayes, watching griefe in milli-
Torments Loues ſouldiers in their ſoft pauillions.
On cold ground thou muſt lye beare many a ſhowr,
When the heauens open and the floud gates powr,
So *Phœbus* when *Admetus* ſheepe he kept,
In a thatcht cottage on the cold flower ſlept.
What *Phœbus* did, vvho may it not beſeeme,
Better then *Phœbus* of himſelfe eſteeme:
What mortall louer dare, then ſloth deſpiſe,
You that confirm'd and laſting loue deuiſe.

the outward gate a vvatch ſtand centy,
ſay the blots or locks deny the entry; (erall. *Hazard for*
rch ſome ſtrange paſſage, through a caſement *her.*
by a cord downe from the chimney fall.
ee in her louing armes ſhe ſtraite will take,
oycing thou vvouldſt hazard for her ſake;
ry vaine feare and danger thou doſt proue,
ſure pledge and token of thy loue:
had *Leander* without *Hero* ſlept,
find his loue into the Sea he leapt.
inke it no ſhame the ſauour to deſerue;
euery Maide that doth thy Miſtris ſerue, *To vſe her Maides.*
ute them by their names in courteous ſort,
r theſe are they that can prefer thy ſport.
d more and more into their grace to grow,
me trifling gifts on each of them beſtow;
ecially regard her ſmiles or frownes,
noſe office is to bruſh her Miſtris gownes.
her make meanes, for ſhe is groome porter,
h to her bed, and ſuch as do reſort her. *What gifts*
eat and rich gifts I do not bid thee ſend her, *to ſend her.*
eane thy loue, but knacks of value ſlender;
when the orchard boughes are clag'd with fruite,
ſome choice diſh from thence commend thy ſuite.
d let the little Page that beares them ſay,
ough thou perhaps haſt bought them by the way:
eſe peares, or plums, or grapes which I preſent you
his firſt fruits vvere by my Miſtris ſent you.
be they hazell nuts, or cheſnuts great,
en ſuch as *Amarillis* lou'd to eate.
a young *Turkie*, theſe will ſhevv thy hart,
neſe gifts ſend freely, lay thy gold apart;
ch preſents neuer bring men to diſpaire,
vntimely age, or to tormenting care,

O let them amongst others rot and perish,
Send her verses. That hate mens persons, and their presence cherish,
What shall I bid thee send her, meetred rimes,
Alas, they find small honour in these times.
Verses they praise, but gold they most require,
If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:
This is the golden age, not that of old,
Both life and honour are now bought with gold.
Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the traine,
Yet vvithout gold he may retire againe:
Some girles there be, but they be passing few,
Worthy to rancke amongst the learned crew.
Others vnlearned there are yet would be held,
As if in skill and iudgment they excel'd:
Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile,
Note. Of sweetest posie their worths compile:
Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteeme,
And like a slight gift thy sweet verses seeme:
What thou intend'st to do by some fine feate,
Cause of thy Lady may of thee intreate.
Art thou by couenant tide, and must it be,
That thou of force must set thy servant free:
Contriue it so, that it she dare protest,
Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
Art thou for any rash offence aswag'd,
So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
Do as thy profit leades thee and yet so
Praise her attire. That she for euery thing thou dost may owe.
And thou that hast attain'd by passions deepe,
Thy Ladies grace and would'st her fauour keepe,
Make her beleeue still when thou view'st her feat
Through all the world she is the faireſt creature.
If cloth of *Tire* she vveare that habit laud,
Her *Tirian* vesture with thy tongue applaud.

ilke which she from rich *Arabia* trafficke,
eare such attire cannot be found through *Affrick*.
cloth of gold she weare, tush gold is base,
you compare her habit to her face:
n the cold she but a freeze gowne weare,
nen her perfection makes that garment deare.
she compleatly dreſt, as rapt with ioy?
ry out aloud my heart burnes bright as *Troy*.
oth she aboue her fore head part her haire?
hat louely seene doth make her twice as faire:
e her curld lockes in careleſſe treſſes dangled?
these crispe knots thy heart muſt be intangled.
she doth dance admire her actiue feete, *Her dancing.*
ing then wonder at her voice so sweet. *Her voice.*
ut when she ceaſseth, either then complaine,
treating her to try her skill againe.
o this, and were her heart as hard as braſſe,
r more obdurate then *Medusaes* was,
et she in time shall be compeld to yeeld,
nd thou depart a conquerour from the field:
nely beware of too apparent flattery,
will deſtroy the siege and tedious battery.
iſſembling with Art, tempered much imports,
lſe from all fature credit it dehorts:
n Autumne when the yeare is in his pride,
nd the grape full with vvine red's on the side,
hen the cleare ayre keepes a diuided seate,
ffording sometimes cold and sometimes heate.
omen are prone to loue healthfull and quicke,
ut if by chance thy Lady be falne sicke,
ake both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheape,
hen sow vvhat vvith full sickle thou maiſt reape.
aſt all about her longing thoughts to pleaſe,
eeme not as if thou lothest her diſeaſe.

Imploy

Imploy thy hand in each thing done to her,
These offices euen of themselues vvill vvoe her.
Let her behold thee vveepe as thou standst by,
That she may drinke each teare falls from thy eye
Vow many things, but all in publicke stile,
Tell her thy pleasing dreames, so make her smile.
And let the trembling Nurse, thought fit to watch,
Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match:
Let her peruse the bed and make it soft,
Whilst with thy hand thou turn'st and rear'st her o
These are the easie footsteps thou maist tread.
Which haue made way to many a wanton bed:
No such faire office can vvith hate be stained,
Rather by these affection is soone gayned.
But minister no drugs of bitter iuyce,
Such let the riuall temper to his vse.
Now greater gusts must to my Barke giue motio
Being from the shore launcht forth into th'ocean.
Young loue at first is vveake, and craues forbearin
But in continuance gathers strength by vvearing:
Yon moody Bull of whom thou art afraid,
Being but a Calfe, thou with his hornes hast play
That tree beneath whose branches thou dost it and
To shield thee from the storme was once a wand:
A Riuer at the first not once a stride,
Increaseth as he runs his waters vvide.
Receiuing in fresh brookes, in diuers ranks,
Till he in pride haue ouerflowne his bankes,
Vse to conuerse with her, the speeder knowes,
What strength from custome & acquaintance gro
Frequent her often, be from her seld away.
Keepe in her eare and eye both night and day.
And yet sometimes from these thou maist desist,
'Tis good one should be asked for being mist.

Frequent her.

Be abſent from her ſome conuenient ſeaſon,
And let her reſt a while, it is but reaſon:
The field being ſpar'd, returnes vs treble gaine,
After great drouth, the earth carrouſes raine;
Phillis did loue *Demophoon* but not doate,
Vntill ſhe ſaw his flying ſhip a floate.
Penelope her abſent Lord did mourne,
So *Laodemeia* did till the returne,
Of her deare Spouſe, but be not long away,
Care periſh, new loue enters by delay.
When *Menelaus* from his houſe is gone,
Poore *Hellen* is afraid to lye alone:
And to allay theſe feares lodg'd in her breaſt,
In her warme boſome ſhe receiues her gueſt.
What madneſſe was it *Menelaus* ſay,
Thou art abroad whilſt in thy houſe doth ſtay,
Vnder the ſelfeſame roofe thy gueſt and Loue,
Madman vnto the Hawke to turne the Doue,
And who but ſuch a gull would giue to keepe,
Vnto the mountaine vvoolfe full folds of ſheepe,
Hellen is blameleſſe, ſo is *Paris* too,
And did what thou or I my ſelfe would do.
The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
By limiting theſe louers time and place,
From thee the ſeed of all thy wrongs are growne,
Whoſe counſell hath ſhe followed but thy owne.
Alas what ſhould ſhe doe, abroad thou art,
At whom thou leau'ſt thy gueſt to play thy part,
To lye alone the poore Wench is afraid,
In the next roome an amourous ſtranger layd,
Her armes are open to imbrace him, he falls in,
And *Paris* I acquit thee of thy ſinne:
Neyther the briſled Boare in his fierce wrath,
Torne by the rauenous dogs more anger hath:

Be abſent from her.

Vliſſes.

Womans rage.

Nor

Nor the she Lion hid within some ake,
Seeking her lost whelpe, hid within some brake,
Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,
Whom some vnwary heele hath crusht and beaten
Then a fierce woman shewes her selfe in mind,
Her dearest in adulterous armes to find.
Oh then she swells, her fierd eye burnes apace,
And you may see her thoughts writ in her face.
Through swords, through flames she rushes, ther
So grieuous but she act it with her will: (no
This breakes all mutuall loue though well co
pounded,
This destroyes all, though nere so firmly groun-
ded.
Medea did her husbands guilt repaire,
And with her bloudy hand *Absirtis* sl y.
Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another,
Before her transformation a fierce mother:
And that her deeds may yet be understood,
The feathers of her breast were staind with bloud.
But for all this I taske not thy affection,
Of one, and her alone to make election:
You Gods defend the fords should proue so deepe
These married men haue much a doe to keepe.
Play you the wantons, but being done conceale it
And by no brags or foolish boasts reueale it.
Meet at no certaine houre giue no knowne gift,
Thy viuall place of meeting often shift:
It may be shrowd disturbers some may send thee,
And spials may be set to apprehend thee.
And when thou writest perusse thy letter first,
Before thou send some, take things at the worst:
Venus being wrong'd, makes war still mouing sor
Who late from others griefe their mirth did bor
W

Whilst *Agamemnon* liu'd with one contented,
His Wife vvas chast and neuer it repented;
His secret blowes her heart did so prouoke,
Wanting a sword she with the scabbard stroke,
She heares of *Chirses* and the many iares,
About *Liriuesis* to increase the warrs:
And therefore meere reuenge the Lady charmes,
To take *Thiestes* in her amorous armes.
If when thou hast gone on thy nightly arrant,
The act by circumstance peares too apparant:
Deny it stedfastly, vvhat ere they know,
And bouldly face them that it was not so:
Be not so sad or oft too mirthfull cheare,
Least in thy countenance thy deeds appeare;
In thy close meetings vse thy nimble knee,
It may perhaps a bold intruder be.
And after so repulsed scale the fort,
But venter not too rashly on thy sport:
Many there be by whose vnskilfull motions,
You are prescrib'd strange drugs and diuers potions.
To make you lustie they are poysons all,
To infect the body and inflame the gall.
Pepper with biting nettleseed they mixe,
Of bastard pellitory some few sticks:
Which beaten, and in old wine drunke vp cleare,
Makes spightfull men aloft their standards beare.
The Goddesse that beneath high *Eripe* raignes, *Venus.*
Vnto her pleasure no such bloud constraines:
White skallions brought you from *Megera* eate,
With garden sage make sallets to thy meate,
Take new laid eggs, fresh hony from the Bees,
Pine apple nuts full ripe, eate such as these; (gicke.
This holesome fare breeds nought, corrupt or tra-
What hath my Art to do with hellish Magicke.

Thou that but now wast bid thy guilt to hide,
Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pride;
Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,
You see we do not saile still with one wind.
Sometimes the East, and when his furie failes,
West North and South, by turne doth fill our sailes;
The Chariot driuer sometimes slakes his raines,
Sometimes againe his horses he restraines.
Many there be whom calmes much doth blind,
And if they find a riuall grow vnkind;
Prosperity makes humane mindes grow ranck,
Themselues to know, or their great God to thanke
Nor is it held an easie taske to find,
Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.
As fire, his strength being wasted hides his head,
In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.
And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance,
Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance:
So vvhen with sloth and rest the spirits grow blunt,
Loue must be quickened euen as fire is wont.
Make her to feare, and to looke pale sometime,
By shewing her some instance of thy crime:
Which she suspected erst in some strange vaines,
Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complaines.
No sooner the report of this assailes her,
But coulor, voice, and euery sence straite failes her
Then I am he whose face she madly teares,
Whom she desires to haue straite by the eares.
Hate me she must, and yet good God she may not,
Without me liue she will (alas) but cannot.
Dwell not vpon this passion, but at length,
Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength:
By this her white necke with thy armes embrace,
Drying the teares that trickle downe her face.

Kisse her yet weeping, her yet weeping show,
All the proud sweets the Queene of loue doth know:
This makes true concord in her greatest rage,
These sports alone her passion can asswage.
Peace goes vnarm'd and knowes no warlike fashions
This happy peace is knowne among all Nations;
Doues by their nombring songs shew their good wils
But now they fought, and now they ioyne their bils,
The first confused Masse, no order knew,
Earth Sea and Heauen, had all one face, one hew:
Straite was the heauens the earths large couering
The shore guirt in the Sea, not to inuade. (made,
Either in other, bounds then *Chaos* ceast,
And each thing in their severall parts increast:
The woods receiue the beasts, ayre the birds take,
Fish the Sea choose, and the land forsake,
Man wanders in the field and knowes no art,
Meare strength his body rules, meare lust his heart,
Groues were his Cities, shadowy bowes his dwelling
Water his drinke all other drinkes excelling,
And long it vvas ere man the woman knew,
Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,
And then upon these vnknowne sweets she ventered,
Where many an vnsackt fort was scal'd and entered.
Art they had none, no man then plaid the Suter,
But lay with her, they lik'd without a Tutor:
Euen so one bird doth with another toy,
And the male fish doth with the female ioy.
The Hart the Doe doth follow, serpents to
Are with the serpents held their feat to do:
The hounds in their adulterate parts are fast,
The ioyfull Ewe receives the Ram at last.
The Cow with lostie bellowing meets the Bull,
And the ranke he Gote finds the female trull.

The Mare to try the valiant Horſes courage,
Swims ouer fords, and doth large paſtures forrage;
To thy offended loue giue this ſtrong potion,
And perfect friendſhip ſtrait ſucceeds the motion.
This medicine rightly tooke all hate expells,
As I was writing, loe the God of fire,
Appeares, and with his thombe he ſtrock his lire:
Appeares, and with his thombe he ſtroke his lire.
In his right hand a branch of lawrell grew,
A Lawrell chaplet I might likewiſe view:
Circle his brow, though all men doe not know it,
This ſhowes the Sunnes God *Phœbus* is a Poet.
Who after mouing of his head thus ſpake,
Miſtris of Loue, thy amorous Schollers take,
And leade to my Temple built on hie,
There is an old ſunne knowne in euery skie,
Which by his Charects doth plainly ſhow,
That euery man muſt learne himſelfe to know;
Alone he wiſely loues that can do ſo,
He that is faire may ſhew his amorous face,
Whoſe skinne is white to do his colour grace,
Ly naked with his neck and ſhoulders bare,
Let him ſhun ſilence, whoſe diſcourſe is rare.
He that ſings, ſing by Art, that drinks drinke to,
By Art, and without cunning nothing do.
Let not the learned in their words declame,
Nor the vaine Poet prate of his owne fame.
So *Phœbus* warnes, *Phœbus* himſelfe hath ſaid it,
And his braue words are worthy to haue credit.
To come more neare the Louer that loues wiſely,
If theſe my precepts he obſerue preciſely:
Shal reach his wiſh, th'earth brings not ſtil increaſe
Ships when the winds keepe in, their courſe do ceaſe

Few

Few be our helpes, but many be our troubles,
Small is our furtherance which our let still doubles
A Louer must endure much griefe besides,
For euery Hare in Æthe that abides,
For euery berry that the Oliue yeelds,
For euery spike of grasse sprong in the fields:
For euery shell strowed on the salt sea shore,
Loue hath one griefe to taste, and ten griefes more,
Art told that sheabroad, but now did wonder,
Yet in her window seest her with her Pander.
Blame thou thine eyes, for it shall much auaile thee,
Thinke not that newes, but that thy eye sight fail'd thee,
Locks she the dore she promised to leaue open,
O thinke not she deceitfully hath spoken.
Take vp thy lodging, make thy bed thy floore,
Thy pillow the cold threshold of the doore;
Perhaps the Maide from high may cast a flout,
And aske what's he doth keepe the gates without.
Yet both the Maide and rude posts do thou flatter,
Sprinkling the seates and portalls with rose water.
If she call come, if bid thee go, then trudge,
Raile she vpon thee, doth she call the drudge;
Nay doth she knocke thee, beare it, it is meete,
Nor scorne it though she bid thee kisse her feete,
I dwell on trifles, greater matters heare,
To which thou people lend a generall eare;
On stricter impositions now we enter,
Vertue is still imployd no hard aduenter.
A riuall brooke do this, and by *Ioues* power,
Thou art inthrong'd a Conquerour in his tower.
Oh thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,
Some rough hew'd oake doth this hard doctrine preach.

This is the hardeſt thing I can impoſe thee,
If ſhe defie beare it, if ſhe ſhowes thee
Her hand; forbeare to read it euery day,
When ſhe calls come, when commands thee ſtay
This euen the married to lead peaceſull liues,
Are oft enforc'd to endure of their faire wiues.
I am not perfect I muſt needs confeſſe,
In this my Art, though I this art profeſſe,
What ſhall I then, my word I cannot keepe,
I haue not power to ſwim a Sea ſo deepe:
Shall any kiſſe my Lady I being by,
And to his throat ſhall I not madly fly.
Shall any becken to her and I beare it,
Shall any court her and I ſtand to heare it:
I ſaw one kiſſe my Miſtreſſe I complained,
And anger all my vitall ſpirits conſtrained.
My loue ala: with barbariſme abound,
And doth my wit and ſpirits whole confound:
That Witleſſ is much better skil'd then I,
Who ſees ſuch ſights, and patiently ſtands by.
To keepe the roome where ſuch things are in place,
Diſpoiles the front of ſhameſaſtnes and grace:
Then oh you yong men though you come to view,
Your looks beguile you, do not thinke it true,
Againſt all cenſures I euer hold this plea,
It is not good to take them *Re* in *Re*.
Where two are taken napping both alike,
Their mutuall guilt makes them the ofter ſtrike,
This tale through heauen is blazed how vnawares
Venus and *Mars* was taken in *Vulcans* ſnares.
The God of vvar doth in his brow diſcouer,
The perfect and true patterne of a Louer,
Nor could the goddeſſe *Venus* be ſo cruell,
To deny *Mars*, ſoft kindneſſe is a Iewell.

ſurpriſe her not.

The tale of Venus and Mars.

In

In any woman, and becomes her well,
In this the Queene of Loue doth most excell.
Oh God) how often haue they mocked and flouted,
The Smiths polt foote, who nothing them misdoubted;
Made iests by him and his begrimed trade,
And his smudg'd visage blacke with coledust made.
Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,
Venus like *Vulcan* limpe, and halt and draw,
One foot behind another with a grace,
To counterfeit his odde and vneuen pace.
Their meeting first they did conceale with feare,
From euery searching eye and captiues eare.
The God of war and his lasciuious Dame,
In publike view were full of bashfull shame.
But the Sunne spies how these sweet paire agree,
Oh what bright *Phœbus* can be hid from thee.
The Sunne he sees and blabs the sight forthwith,
And in all hast he posts vnto the Smith,
Oh Sunne what bad examples dost thou show,
What thou in secret seest, must all men know.
For silence aske a bribe from her faire treasure, (sure,
She'll grant thee that shall make thee swell with plea-
The god whose face was smudgd with smok and fire,
Placeth about their bed a net of wire.
So queintly made that it deceiues the eye,
Strait as he faines to *Lemnos* he must hie:
The louers meet where he the traine hath set,
And both lie caught within the wiery net.
He calls the gods, the Louers naked spraule,
And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue shewes all,
Mars chafes, and *Venus* weepes, neither can flinch,
Grapled they lye, in vaine they kicke and winch;
Their legs are one within another ty'd,
Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among these high spectators one by chance,
That saw them naked in a pitfall dance;
Thus to himselfe said, if that it tedious be,
Good God of warre bestow thy place on me.
Scarce at thy prayers god *Neptune* he vnbound thē.
But would haue left thē as the gods there found thē:
The nets vntide, *Mars* straight repaires to *Creet*,
Venus to *Paptes*, after that they meet.
What did this helpe thee *Vulcan*, shall I tell thee,
Vnto more griefe and rage it will compell thee:
The publicke meeting which at first shame couers,
Is now made free, who knowes not they be louers.
There is no hope they should be now reclam'd,
Worse then they haue beene, how can they bee (sham'd
O thy rash deed it often doth repent thee,
Mad art thou in thy mind, yet must content thee:
This I forbid you, so doth *Venus* too,
It harm'd her, and she forewarnes it you.
Lay for thy riuall then no publike snares,
Nor intercept his tokens vnawares:
Let these close prancks by such iust men be tride,
That are by fire and water purified.
Behold once more I giue you all to know,
Saue wanton loues my art doth nothing show:
No gouern'd Matron well and chastly guided,
I here protest is in my verse derided.
What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare smile,
Or blab her secrets kept in *Samos* Ile.
Silence is held a vertue, silence then,
Tels taile and blabs, fie, *Venus* hates such men:
For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell,
And there must euer and for ever dwell.
Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangs by his lip,
Thirstie, vvhiles water by his chin doth slip.

But *Venus* more desires then any other,
Her secret mysteries and rights to smother.
I charge you let no tell-tales hither come,
Such amongst many there must needs be some,
Hide her reports from euery eare that lists,
And locke her secrets up in brazen chests.
In their new births, till pleasures buried lie,
Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.
Her naked parts, if she to any showes,
Her readiest hand to shadow them she throwes:
The shameless beasts in common pastures stray,
And act their generation at noone day.
Which Maides by chance espying, cry oh spight,
And through their fingers looke to see the sight.
But when our Louer with his Mistris meets,
Haue beds & doores shut twixt them and the streets
With clothes and vailes their nakednes they shroud
Wishing the bright Sunne hid behind some cloud.
Euen in those dayes vvhen men on Acorns fed,
And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:
When no thatcht cottage or poore house was builded.
By vvhich from heate of cold they might be shielded.
Into the vvoods and caues the people vvent:
And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent.
In the Sunnes presence they shew'd nothing bare,
The rudest and most barbarous had this care,
As loath the day should view their publike shames,
Now to their nightly actions they giue names,
Bargaines and price is made in all their doings,
And nothing costs vs dearer then our vvoings.
Let not thy talke be when thou com'st in place,
To say she, this, or that wench did me grace:

Noath.

On

Or point them with thy finger, it may fall
Thus thou maist loue her whom thou loueſt & all,
Others there be from ſtreet to ſtreet do wander,
And innocent women in their ſhops do ſlander.
Forging on them they know not many a lye,
Which were they true they gladly would deny:
For vvho command not they their ſpoile is ſuch
Whoſe breaſt they cannot fold their names they tuc
Go then thou odious Pander that keepes whores,
A thouſand lockes hang faſt upon thy dores:
Part of her honeſt canſt thou keepe within,
When her whole name abroad is full of ſinne.
Doe not their wanton wiſhes make them nought,
When they deſire to be as they are thought:
Neceſſarie obſeruations in a louer.
Sincereſt Loues we ſparingly doe teach,
Yet like no publike craft their names impeach.
Diſſemble euery fault in their complections,
Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections.
I wiſh you rather ſmother them then blame them,
They loue if you praiſe them, hate if ſhame them.
Andromeda was belly ſides and backe,
To *Perſeus* ſeene, he did not tearme her blacke.
Andromeda ſhe was of to huge a ſtature,
One louing *Hector* prais'd her gifts of nature;
And lik'd her ſelfe, faults at the firſt deſpiſed.
Seeme not ſo groſſe vvhen men be well aduiſed.
Continuance and acquaintance weares away.
Such ſports as are apparant the firſt day.
A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,
Cannot vvithſtand the fury of the winde,
But when his barke is growne, he ſcornes each bl
In ſpite of whom he growes and beares at laſt;
Euery ſucceeding weeke and following day,
Takes from acquainted lookes a ſtaine away.

And what to day a groſſe blot thou would'ſt gueſſe,
To morrow in thy eare appeares much leſſe.
Young Heifers cannot be tickt to beare,
The ranke and luſtie Bull for the firſt yeare:
But their ſocietie acquaints the ſmell,
After continuance they can brooke it well.
Then fauour their diſgraces and relieue them,
Blemiſhes helpe by the good names you giue them:
To her whoſe skin was blacke as *Ebon* was,
I haue ſaid ere now, O 'tis a good browne laſſe.
Or if ſhe looke a ſquint, as I am true,
So *Venus* lookes if ſhe be blacke of hew,
Pale for the vvorld like *Pallas* be ſhe growne
Yellow, by heauens *Minerua* vp and downe:
If ſhe be tall, then for her height commend her,
She that is leane like Enuy terme her ſlender:
She that is dwarfiſh name her light and quicke,
And call her well ſet that is grubbed thicke,
She that is puft like *Boreus* in the cheeke,
Is but full faſt, and *Daphne* ſhe is like:
Thus qualifie their faults, not to diſgrace them,
But in a higher ranke of beauty place them:
Or happeneſt thou of one but dim of ſight,
Wrinckled her brow, her griſled haire turn'd white,
Her noſe and chin halfe met ſhe would take ſcorne,
To tell who Councell was when ſhe was borne.
Then if to ſuch thy loue thou wilt engage,
Looke that at no time thou deſt aske her age,
Though ſhe wants teeth and haue a flattering tong
Yet ſhe takes pleaſure to be counted young:
This is the age young men that brings the gaine:
And plenteous harueſt of the ſpringtides paine.
Imploy your ſelues then in your youth and ſtrength
Age with a ſoft pace ſteales on you at length.

Spend

Spend thou thy youth at Sea or till the land,
Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand;
Follow the wars, siege townes, or lye in trenches,
Or if not so, then learne to loue faire vvenches.
It is a vvarfare too, when men are trained,
And euen by this imployment wealth is gained:
Such discipline, such practice must be vsed
By vs, as those who hostile armes haue chused.
Some women by their industry and paines,
The losse of yeares recouers and regaines:
Times speedy course is by their art controld,
They can preferre themselues from seeming old.
Their amorous pastimes and lasciuious playes,
They shape and fashion many thousand wayes:
With sundry pleasures they their trade commixe,
And euery seuerall day deuise new tricks.
They can prouoke the appetite and please it,
Coniure the spirit vp and straite appease it:
But these rich feasts of sweets which they prepare,
Women and men should both of euen share.
I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuall ioyes,
And that's the cause I loue not iugling boyes.
I hate her denyes that no spirit will vse,
Yeelding no more then what she cannot chuse.
I like not pleasure, though I like the beautie,
Lasses of Loue performe not but of dutie.
Duty away, I banish thee the place,
Where mutuall Louers mutuall sweets embrace,
Let me the musicke of her soft voice heare,
Whispering her rauisht pleasures in my eare.
To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
And tired vvith that, to toy some other vvay,
Let me behold her eyes turne vp the whites,
Now to be rapt, now languish in delights.

The

These prodigall pleasures nature hath not giuen,
To the first age a little aboue seauen.
The wine that from the vnripe grape is prest,
Is tart and sower, the mellow wine tasts best;
The palme tree till it hath a well growne rinde,
Cannot withstand the violence of the winde.
The mead new mowne doth pricke the feet that's bare,
I grant thee young *Hermione* vvas faire;
But to preferre the girle before the mother,
The beauteous *Hellen* neither one nor other,
Can so blaspheme, heres *Gorge* some adore her,
But vvho praise her before the Saint that bore her:
Now I suppose ripe fruites I most approue,
And in my thoughts I couet mellowed loue.
Yon bed new tost, behold where it discouers,
The curtaines being drawne to wanton louers;
There stay my muse, no further now proceed,
Without thy helpe they both can speake and speed.
Without thy helpe kind vvords will swiftly passe,
Betwixt the Louer and his amorous Lasse;
Without thy helpe their hands will nimbly creepe,
And in each tickliſh place their office keepe.
Nay euery finger will it selfe imploy,
To adde increase to thy imperfect ioy; (hide,
Handling those parts where loue his darts doth
This valiant *Hector* with his wife hath tride;
Andromache to this of force must yeeld,
His valour was not onely for the field;
This stout *Achilles* of his loue desired,
When with the slaughter of his enemies tired,
He daught his cushes, and vnarm'd his head,
To tumble vvith her on a downe soft bed;
Thou didst reioyce *Driseis* to imbrace,
His bruised corpes, and kisse his blood staind face.

These

These warlike hands that did but late embrew,
Themselues in bloud of *Troians* whom they slevv,
Were now imploy'd to tickle touch and feele,
And shake a lance, that hath no point of steele:
Beleeue me, for I speake as I haue tasted,
The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted.
They should be rather by degrees prolonged:
By too much speed much oft the sport is wronged:
When thou by chance hast hit vpon the place,
Which being touched a girle still hides her face;
Forbeare not though she blush & spring and kick,
And tumbling shew thee many a gambale tricke.
Thou shalt behold her straite lye still amazed,
Her eyes with a lasciuious tincture glazed:
Affording a strange kind of humid light,
As vvhen the Moone in vvater shines by night.
Let neither amorous words cease their inchanting,
Murmure nor whispering sounds of ioy be wanting.
Yea there let euery sweet content resort,
Euery vvord, deed and thought that furthers sport.
Let not thy Mistris vse too swift a saile,
Nor let thy hast beyond her speed prevaile:
Both keepe one course, your oares together strike,
Your iourneyes on then, make your pace alike.
Together striue at once winne to the marke.
You may no question grope it in the darke;
Then is the fulnesse of all sweete contents,
When both at once striue, both at once are spent.
Such course obserue vvhen as the time is free,
And that no iealous eyes attend on thee:
Being secure no future danger neare,
Then thou maist boldly dally without feare.
But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,
Doubtfull to be disturb'd amidst thy pleasure,

Mak

Make then vvhat speed thou canst, vse all thy force,
And clap a sharpe spurre to a iade pack horse;
My vvorke is at an end the palme bring me,
And let the Mirtle garland be my fee.
How much renowned great *Pollidorus* was.
That all the *Greeks* in Physicke did surpasse,
As famous as great *Nestor* for his age,
Or strong *Achilles* for his warlike rage.
As much extold as *Thelehas* for his charmes,
Or *Telemonius Aiax* by his armes;
As for his Chariot skill *Antomedon*,
So great in Loue shall I be censured on.
Cannonize me your Poet, giue me praise,
And crowne my Temples with fresh wreaths of
bayes;
Let this my laud in euery mouth be song,
And my fames clanger through the whole earth rong
I giue you armor, such god *Vulcan* framed,
So great *Achilles* he his enemies tamed.
And so do ye, but whatsoere he be,
That by my armes subdues his enemy;
This Motto let him giue, loe here's a Lasse,
By *Ouid* my *arts Master* conquered vvas;
Behold young *Wenches* likewise crave my skill,
They shall be next instructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

ARm'd at all points, the *Greeke* to field is gone
To encounter with the naked *Amazon*:
Behold like weapons in my power remaine,
For the *Penthesilea* and thy traine.
Goe arm'd alike, fight and they ouercome,
Whom sacred *Venus* fauours and her sonne:
It were not meete poore naked girles should stand,
To encounter men prouided hand to hand.
To conquer at such odds 'twere shame for men,
Oh but some say, why *Ouid* should thy pen:
Put poyson into snakes, or giue to keepe,
Vnto the rauenous Woolfe a fould of sheepe,
Oh for some few offenders do not blame,
All of their Sexe, let not a generall shame:
For some few faulters their whole brood inherit,
But euery one be censur'd as they merit.
Although the two *Atrides* hath their liues,
Endangered both by falshood of their wiues:
Though false *Eriphile* her husband sould,
To *Polmytes* for a chaine of gould.
Yet did the faire *Penelope* liue chast,
While twice fiue yeares her royall Lord did wast:

In bloudy battels and as many more,
Wandring through euery sea and vnknowne shore;
So did the chast *Phillacides* and she,
That partner of her husbands griefe to be:
Went with him as his Page a tedious way,
And in the trauell dyed before her day:
Oh happy *Pheretides* thy wife,
From death redeemed thee with her owne life;
Receiue me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry,
And with my buried husband let me dye:
And with that word she skips into the fire,
All faire endowments that we can desire.
Raigne in a womans breast no maruell then,
They with adorned vertue please vs men;
But these chast mindes my Art enioyneth not,
A softer saile will serue to guide my boate:
Nothing but wanton loue flowes from my braines,
How pretty wenches may escape mens traines.
A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
But through them both vnto her sweet heart run;
So will not men, poore girles by them are scoft,
Many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft;
False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes,
To claspe another Mistris in his armes.
As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay,
So right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray;
To the Sea-fowles and Monsters left alone,
In a remote place, friendlesse and vnknowne,
Many vncertaine waues hath *Phillis* gone,
Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*,
And though *Æneas* had to sirname good,
He left his sword to let our *Didos* bloud:
But what destroy you Ladies can you tell,
You know not how to loue and fashion well.

Your thoughts to art, Loue artles ſtands vnſure,
Art with loue tempered is ſtrong to endure:
Nor ſhould you know it now, but that the Queene
Of ſacred Loue was in my viſion ſeene:
And ſtraitly charg'd me that I ſhould impart,
To all the ſex the ſecret of my art.
For thus ſhe ſaid, how haue poore maides miſdone
That amongſt armed men muſt naked run.
Two bookes haue giuen men weapons in their hands,
The whilſt our feareful Sex vnarmed ſtands;
He that rebuk'd *Therapnes* lewd deſire,
Since ſong her praiſes to a ſweeter lire.
Thy ſelfe examine, canſt thou do them domage,
To vvhom in time thou maiſt performe due homage
This hauing ſaid ſhe tooke from off her brow,
A mirtle wreath, for in a mirtle bow,
Her haire was twiſted vp and gaue to me,
Of leaues and ſeeds a litle quantity.
Strait in my dreame I felt a power deuine,
Whilſt in the place a purer aire did ſhine;
And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,
Euen at that inſtant I might feele depart,
My wits at ripeſt, are wenches come thicke,
Receiue my precepts vvhilſt my vvits are quicke;
Women looſe Firſt thinke how old age hourely doth attend,
no time. To ſteale vpon thee, ſo be ſure to ſpend,
No ſeaſon idly, art thou young then play,
Yeares like the running waters glide away,
Thou canſt not ſtay the flouds it ſtreames ſo faſt,
Nor pull the houres backe when they are paſt;
Make vſe of time, for time is ſwift and fleet,
Nor can the following good be all ſo ſweet.
As the firſt pleaſure was, haue I not ſeene,
This now a vvithered ſtalke, once freſh and greene:

From

From that bare throne within these many houres,
I had a chaplet of sweet smelling flowers;
The time shall come when thou that dost exclude,
Such louers from thy doores as would intrude.
Shall on an empty pillow throw thy head,
Stretching thy stiffe limmes on a frostie bed:
Nor in the night shalt thou be raisd vp late,
By such as knocke and thunder at the gate.
Nor in the morning vvhen the cocke hath crowed,
Find porch and threshold vvith fresh roses strowed;
Ai me how soone doth the cleare colour fade,
How quickly wrinckles in thy skin are made.
Looke on thy lookes and thou wilt sadly sweare,
Age hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire;
Snakes through their age, of when they change their skinne,
Harts vvhen they cast their heads fresh strength begin;
And's giuen to them, vvhen that in age ye grow
Ye haue no heads to cast no skins to throw.
Your good fiyes helples, therefore plucke the flower
Which being gathered withers in an hower;
In many child-birth age is quickly crept,
Fields soone grow leane, that are so often reapt.
You see *Endimion* by the Moone lou'd still,
Nor doth she blush thereat, and by thy will;
Aurora thou vvouldst euer haue the name,
Of *Cephalus* thy deare, nor think'st it shame.
And to conceale thee *Adonis* whose hearse,
Venus her selfe hung many a tragicke verse,
Tell vs by vvhom you Queene-borne of the sea,
Had you *Æneas* and *Hermione*.
Oh mortail generation follow these,
And practise after them being goddesses?

Do not deny your rauishing pleasures vvhen,
They are besought you by desirous men.
Tell me what loose you by it, vvhat thou hast,
Thou art possest of still, and feel'st no vvast:
Take thence a thousand sweets be not afraid,
Thou keepest thy owne and nothing is decay'd.
Stones are by vse made soft, iron worne to drosse,
That neuer weares and therefore finds no losse:
Who will deny vs at a torch being light,
To light a taper till it burne as bright.
Or vvho would striue in their owne power to keepe,
All the spare billowes in the vasty deepe:
Yet vvill a woman pleade her loue is rare,
And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.
Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,
Dost thou but loose the water that thou takest:
I speake not this to prostrate euery one,
But lest you feare vaine losse where losse is none:
Now greater gusts my swelling saile must straine,
Being from the shore new launcht into the maine:
First with their neatnes I begin, the vine
Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choyse of wine;
And in a field well till'd the corne growes tall,
Shape is the gift of God, none amongst you all,
But in their shapes take pride, nay there be many
Proud of their fauour when they scarce haue any.
Proportion euen the greatest number vvant,
But rare supplies where nature hath bene scant;
Care makes the face, the face a while neglected,
Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected,
The virgins of the old time had this care,
Their bodies and their beauties to repaire;
Else had the men of former ages spent,
Their yeares without their wonted ornament.

eatnesse q.ired in woman.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
In manly robes, no maruaile, for she had
A souldier to her husband, if you see
The wife of *Aiax* iet it valiantly,
Nor maruaile, for she vvas his wife that bare,
A shield of seauen oxe-heads thick tan'd with haire.
The world vvas plaine, simple, and rude of old.
But now aboundant *Rome* doth flow vvith gold;
And shines in glory with the bright reflection,
All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection.
Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,
In these great *Ione* hath choos'd to dwell for aye;
This gorgeous Court & Counsell house was framed
Out of meere stubble when King *Latius* raigned.
These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,
Did glitter and shine vvhen they first begun;
A pasture for draught oxen, let them raise, (please.
Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times
I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,
These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.
Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,
Or shels, or stones, frõ forraigne shores are brought:
Not because marble from the hils is dig'd,
Or vovage ships to vnknowne seas are rig'd.
But because rudenesse to the gates is sent,
And this our age is full of ornament,
Hang in your eares bright stones but not too deare,
Such *Indyes* cast vp and are sold you here.
Neatnesse we loue, your haire in order tye,
To keepe in within Law thy hands apply;
Thy hands mishape keepe still, and by her care,
Thou maist ore seeme, deformed or wondrous faire.
Nor is there onely one kind of attire,
The fashion that becomes thee best desire.

Proue euery shape; but ere it currant passe,
See thou before take counsell from thy Lasse.
A long and leane visage best allowes,
To haue the haire part iust aboue the browes;
So *Laodemea* sirnamed the faire,
Vsed when she walk'd abroad to trusse her haire.
A round plumpe face must haue her trammels tyed
In a fast knot aboue her front to hide:
The wier supporting it vvhilst either eare,
Bare, and in sight vpon each side appeare.
Yon Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,
And her loose vvare becomes her best of all:
So *Phœbus* look'd vvhen last he toucht his Lute,
That other Lady doth her habit suite,
With chast *Diana*, being trickt to go,
To strike the sauage Bore or tameleſſe Roe.
She when her haire hangs loose hath greatest pride,
This best becomes her when her locks are tyed;
Yon when her head-tire like a tortoise shell,
Is rooſt and vawted vvell beseemes it well:
More leaues the Forrest yeelds not from the trees,
More beasts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees;
Then there be fashions of attire in view,
Euery succeeding day adds something new.
Many become their tires best vvhen they weare,
Instead of spruceneſſe a neglected haire:
And being comb'd but now yet thou shalt say,
Her haire hath not beene toucht since yesterday.
Art doth much change, so did *Alcides* lee,
Iolattired, and said this vvench is for me.
So *Inoſſis* vvhom the god of grapes commended,
When by his shouting *Satires* being attended:
He found her plac'd locks by the coole wind shifted,
With scattered haire her to his coach he lifted;

How

How much oh nature are we bound to thee,
That findeſt for euery griefe a remedy.
And as our ſhapes and colour ſuffer croſſe,
Yet thou haſt in thee to repaire that loſſe.
Say that by age or ſome great ſickneſſe had,
Thy head vvith vvonted haire be thinly clad;
Falling away like corne from ripened ſheaues,
As thicke as *Boreas* blowes downe *Autum* leaues.
By *Germane* yearbes thou maiſt thy haire reſtore,
And hide the bare ſcalpe that vvas bald before.
Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,
Many falſe coulours buy to hide the true.
And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
Walke in ſuch haire as they haue bought for gold:
Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,
Markets and publicke trafficke thereof made,
Nor do they bluſh to cheapen it among,
The thickeſt number and the rudeſt throng.
Nay euen before *Alcides* ſacred flames,
And in the preſence of the veſtall dames;
To leaue their haire, and ſpeake of their attire
I do not trayles or purfled guards deſire.
Nor roabes of bluſh ſcarlet priſed hie,
Whoſe wooll is twice dipt in the *Tyrian* dye:
Looke but abroad and thou maiſt in a trice,
Find lighter coulours and of farre leſſe price.
Were it not madneſſe thou in ſcorne of lacke,
Should weare at once thy whole wealth on thy back
Behold the coulour of the azure aire,
When in a cloudleſſe day the skie is faire;
And the South wind bring on the earth no ſhowers,
As once it did vvhat time one flow deuoures,
Phrixus and *Helle*, ſuch a colour chuſe,
Tis neate and cheape, but coſtly dyes refuſe:

To helpe the defect of nature.

That pretty coulour intimates the waues,
And from their sea-greene drops a name it craues:
In this the young *Nimphes* went apparell'd most,
This saffron imitates of no great cost.
And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
That euery morning decks faire *Phœbus* steeds:
Else such a dye as *Saphian* myrtles yeeld,
Or purple *Amethistos* or a field;
Where nothing saue the milke white roses grow,
Or of that how the *Thratian Cranes* do show.
Let not faire *Amarilles* wanting be,
Thy ackhornes or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,
All these of seuerall coulours iuyce be full,
And with their seuerall coulours staine the woll;
So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring,
In spite of winters horrid rage doth bring.
To decke the earth with full so many hues,
The thirstie earth doth drinke and none refuse.
To suite their attires to their complections.
Mongst which faire women out of your affections,
Choose them that shall become best your complections
She that is browne let her attire be white,
Briseus ware a robe of colour light.
When she was rauisht, others that are faire,
Let their attires be blacke as *Sables* are.
Swarthy *Andromed* ware a milke white smocke,
When she was tyed halfe naked to the rocke.
Lest you be seene so let no rankes grow,
Betwixt your armes and shoulders let none show.
Of rough and ragged haires there may appeare,
Vpon your legs and thighes but not to neare:
I do not teach young maides by *Caueasa* bred,
Or such as drinke of *Risus* but in steed
Of barbarous truls, to you braue girles of *Rome*,
Do I direct my phrase, and to your dome,

I now instruct you then your teeth to freet,
Lest in their vse some turdnes they get:
To wrince your mouthes in water you haue wit,
To apprehend my words betimes to sit.
And in the morning take away the slime,
Which makes the white teeth subiect to such crime:
Let such whose blouds are blacke and swart,
Whom nature reds not, make them red by art:
Art likewise fils the wrickles in the browes,
A skin of dyed red leather art allowes,
To rub your faces with, nor hold it shame,
To kindle in your eyes a sparke of flame,
It may be done with saffron, which like corne,
Growes neare bright *Cynus* wheras thou wert borne
I haue a little booke in substance small,
And yet a worke of weight writ to you all.
The Treatise is vnto your generall graces,
How you by art may best preserue your faces;
You whose rare beauties haue receiu'd a scar,
Seeke thence your helpes, receipts there written are
You may there find how to restore your blouds.
My art was neuer idle to your goods
Beware lest that by chance your boxes lye,
Vpon the table and your Loues passe by:
Throw them aside, art spreads her safest net,
When she is with most cunning counterfet,
Spill not thy drugs alike in euery place,
They will offend such as behold thy face.
Corrupting the beholder with such motion,
As should he see thy garments stand with lorion:
How doth the greasie ranck wooils smell offend,
Though we for it as far as *Athens* send.
Yet is it good for vse, not before men.
Vse thou Deeres marrow good for medicen;

To keepe their teeth.

Cheekes.

Not

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,
They both are good, but harsh to him that seeth:
Many things which in doing vve deteſt,
Being once done, they of times pleaſe vs beſt;
Theſe ſtately pillers in iron caru'd and wrought,
Were a confuſed rocke, this ring now brought,
To that good forme, was once vnfaſhioned ore,
The coſtly cloth thou weareſt a rough ſheepe bore:
The curious picter of faire *Venus* was,
Before the cutting an vnpoliſht maſſe.
Mind thou thy beautie when we think thee ſleeping
Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glaſſe their office keeping
Why ſhould I know how thou art growne ſo faire,
Shut faſt the forge where beauties ioyned are.
For many things there be men ſhould not know,
The greateſt part of them if you ſhould ſhow,
They ſhould offend them much, ſpare not to ſhroud
The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
The golden enſignes yender ſpreading farre,
Which vvaſts them to the gorgeous Theater:
See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,
Making the columes ſeeme all maſſie good,
Yet are the audience of all ſight debarred,
Vntill the ſhowes and ſights are full prepared.
So in thy preparation marke this note,
Still make thee ready in a place remote;
Yet ſometimes if thy head be wondrous faire,
Euen before men 'tis good to combe thy haire,
The haire a beautie hath which much beſots,
Being tied and wreathed in pleats and comly knots,
But be not tedious in thy art applying,
Be quicke both in the faſting and vntying:
Still when thou goeſt to dreſſe thy ſelfe be ſafe,
I hate thoſe ſullen pettiſh things that chafe

Note.

Obſerue this woman.

As

At euery idle crosse, who scratch and bite,
And with their nayles and bodkins pinch and fight:
Wounding themselues in anger, rending, tearing,
The wires, the tires, the ruffes which they be wea-
She that is badly haired, let her before cring.
She dresse her selfe, let watch before the doore.
Vpon the suddaine 'twas my chance one day,
To presse into the place where my sweet hart lay:
When wondring she vnawares was thrust vpon,
Snatch vp her haire and put the wrong side on.
Like cause of shame let come vnto my foe,
And such disgrace vnto the *Parthians* go:
A scalded breast, fields that no grasse will beare,
Trees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire,
Are odious to the eye, none of you three,
Europa, *Leda*, or faire *Semele*.
Were subiect to this want or me did need,
The helpe of Physicke in this point to reed:
Nor *Hellen* thou who with aduisement deepe,
Menelaus askes, the *Troiane* still doth keepe.
The wanton wenches in full troupes passe hither.
Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sorts flocke together:
And come to be instructed, amongst which
Oft times the faire be poore, the foule be rich.
And yet the faireſt haue of me least need,
Their beautie is a dower that doth exceed
My precepts farre, the sea being calme and cleare,
The secure Seamen all his sailes may beare.
But when it swells and is disturb'd a part,
The troubled Pilot must try all his art,
Of euery little mole be thou not squeamish,
Tis hard to find a face that hath no blemish.
Yet shalt thou seeke to hide the least disgrace,
Either in thy proportion or thy face;

If

A lesson for Dwarfes.

If thou beest short, thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to sit:
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed,
Lest that thy stature there be measured.
Loue Dwarfes, obserue my words I hold it meet,
To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet:
She that is weariſh and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gowne must fit by skill.

Remedy for them that be leane.

To make her portly whilst a roabe vnbound,
From her two shoulders falls vnto the ground:
She that is pale, with purple staine her cheekes,
She that is blacke the fish of *Pharoes* seekes,

Pale.
Blacke.

A splay mishapen foot in vvhite showes hide,
And let dryed legs weare a rich garter tyde:

Splay foote.

Let such vvhose shoulder blades stand much in sight,
Weare boulster'd gownes to make them seeme upright.
About a faint and slender body vveare,
A flannell swathband or warme stomacher.

To slender.

Such vvhose fat hands are itchie in the ioynt,
Whē they discourse let them not vse to point.

Scabbed hands.

You that haue stinking breathes must not speake fasting:
But helpe themselues by some good breakfast taking:
Else chew a cloue, the strength of it to breake,
Or keepe some distance off still when you speake.

Stinking breathes.

Bad toothed.

Or if thy teeth in vvide vneuen ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, blacke, or too great in show:
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth.
Who vvould beleeue this, vvonder yet 'tis true,
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eschew.
Vncomely mouthes and harsh tricks of the face,
In laughing is much vncomelinesse and grace:
Be moderate in thy flearing, there's a feate,
To be obseru'd, in that make not to great.

The hallow pits mirth digs in euery cheeke,
To hide thy gums let both thy red lips meet.
Nor do thou stretch thy entrailes by constraining,
Thy selfe vnto loud laughter, neither fayning;
A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
Sound out a womanish noise I know not what.
Looke but on them that with loud yalling force,
Antickt and peruerse faces what shewes worse:
And there is such a coile with wry mouthes kept,
That whē they laugh, a man would sweare they wept
Many with vntun'd clamor hoarce and shrill,
Ball as the slow Asse bayes out of the mill.
What cannot art, women are taught to weepe, *How to weepe.*
And in their lookes a sober forme to keepe:
To shape their eyes according to their passion,
Both at what time they please, and in what fashion,
Is there no grace in lisping to be found, *How to lispe.*
To giue true words a forged imperfect sound;
Robbing the tongue his office in some part,
Euen in deprauing words is sometimes art.
Many that by my words my meaning scan,
Are taught to speake lesse perfect then they can,
Weigh these my words, according to their worth,
And these being cond take other lessons forth; *To go.*
Learne how with womanish pace to vse your gate,
In euery step there is a kind of state.
Nor is there ought that yet my art discouers,
Which with more violence draws or driues backe lo-
Behold yon Ladies gate the rest outstrips, (uers:
See with what cunning she doth moue her hips:
And in the pride of steps how the cold wind,
Swels her loose vailes before her and behind.
This like the blushing wife of *Vember* paceth,
Her full view'd legs at euery stride she graceth.

Long

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
How farre to appeare bare. Others a moderate pace doth best become:
As farre as where the armes and shoulders parts,
Appeare thou bare to wound the amourous harts,
Of wanton youthes, this fashion vnderstand,
Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be tand.
Such sights ere now haue made me I protest,
To kisse her necke, her shoulders and her breast,
The *Sirens* are Sea-monsters, vvhose sweet notes,
Sing. Drawes to their tunes the wandring ships and botes:
And if their eares vvith wax they do not stop,
They are charm'd to leape from the hatches top.
Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,
A praisefull gift, then women learne to sing,
Hard fauour'd girles by songs haue wonne such graces.
Their sweet shrill tongs haue prou'd bands to their faces.
Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play
Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.
Of Musicke I would haue thee know the skill,
With thy right hand to vse a *Rebecks* quill.
Or with thy left a Harpe, when *Orpheus* playd,
The beasts, and trees, and stones to dance he made:
And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,
Nor tartar power, nor tripple headed Curre.
Thou that so iustly did thy mother punish,
Didst by thy Musicks skill the world astonish:
In those sweet walkes that were by Musicke rear'd,
By euery such sweet harmony is heard:
The armed *Dolphin* is by nature mute,
Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
Learne Musicke then and hope to play vpon,
The double handed sweet *Psalterion*,

Rea

Reade Poetrie, the workes of *Cous* seeke,
Or great *Callimacchus* that writ in Greeke,
The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
Read vvhat lasciuious *Sapho* elſe hath writ.
For vvhat more vvanton vvorkes then *Sapho* liues,
See what delight to the *Propertius* giues:
Or if thy further leyſure ſerue thee looke,
In *Gallus* vvorkes, or in *Tibullus* booke.
Or *Varro*, that of *Phrixus* and his neece,
The Legend vvrit, and of the golden fleece:
Or read *Eneas* baniſhment from *Troy*,
Th'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enioy:
No bookes more famous, haply to my grace,
Some one may ſay thou *Ouid* haſt a place.
Amongſt the reſt thou and thy lines maiſt ſound,
To after times, not be in *Sethe* drown'd.
Some one may ſay perchance our Maſter read,
The booke he laſt drew with a double head.
Or thoſe three bookes which he *Amorum* calls,
Entitnling them of Loue, which of them falls,
Into thy handling firſt, that doe thou chooſe,
And louingly my louing lines peruſe.
Or with a compos'd voice my *Cantons* ſing,
The vſe of theſe Loues Miſtris firſt did bring:
To other yet vnknowne oh *Phœbus* graunt,
Grant this you gods whom ſacred Poets haunt.
With their oblations, grant theſe powers deuine,
Thou God of grapes, and you oh Muſes mine:
Who doubts but I would haue you learne to dance,
Meaſure and Galliards ſhall your names aduance:
Command your armes and hands that they agree,
Vnto the motion of the hand and knee,
In mouing of the body hand and ſide,
The commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

Not

Nor vse more art the comelineſſe of either,
Concurres, and I compare them both together;
Learne triuall ſports, but oh your Poets ſhames,
To bid you be experienc'd in ſome games.
To game. Yet long they to my art then be not nice,
To learne to play at cockall or at dice:
How to caſt lots and chances which to gueſſe,
To play at draughts at tables or at cheſſe.
To vſe a racket or to toſſe a ball,
At ſet game, or at that we bandy call.
To paſſe the night at balliards till eleuen,
At pickapandy, cards, or odd and euen.
Play prepares loue, your skill is not ſo needful,
As ought to be your looks and carriage heedfull,
Your greateſt cunning is with art to frame,
The geſture and the countenance in your game:
Game makes vs earneſt if vve play with care,
Then vvith our open thoughts our breaſts lie bare.
And ſtraite we brawle and ſcold a grieuous ſtaine,
Oh theſe be monſtrous faults to ſcold and raile,
Or to blaſpheme the Gods when our lucke faile;
To vow, to ſweare, with proteſtations deepe,
And in the heat of play to fret or weepe.
Great *Ioue* himſelfe from you ſuch crimes expell,
Who couet ſuitors and to pleaſe them well.
Nature theſe trivall ſports to vvoman lends
A freer ſcope of paſtime ſhe extends.
By much vnto vs men, for ſo we may,
Scourge tops, fling darts, and at the football play:
Vault, ride, and teach the horſe to trot the ring.
Frequent the Fenceſchoole, practiſe armes, leape
Nor can you march or muſter on the ſea, (ſpring,
Or like the Merchant venturer go to ſea:

Walke

Walke may you sometimes vnder *Pompeis* shade,
To *Phœbus* pallace to the place was made:
For nouall tryumph to the *Memphian* fawne,
To the goat field where chariots are still drawne,
To the warme bleeding alter, some preferrs,
Before all these the three braue *Theaters*:
Thus couet to be seene, vnseene, vnproud,
What is not viewd and knowne, cannot be lou'd,
What profit were it to haue beauteous beene,
If thy admired face vvere neuer seene:
Say you more stilde in shapes then *Orpheus* vvere,
Or *Thamiras*, such if men can not heare.
How should your musicke please. *Apelles* painted, *The dignitie of Poets.*
Venus in *Coos* else her fame had fainted;
And dyed in *Lethe*, he redeem'd her name,
What hunt the sacred Poets but for fame.
Onely for fame their labouring spirits they spend,
Of all the vowes fame is the scope and end.
But see what alterations rude times brings,
Poets of old were the right hand of Kings:
Large vvere their gifts, supreame vvas there regard.
Their meeted fames with feare and reuerence heard,
Honour, and state, and sacred maiestie.
Belong'd to such as studied poetrie;
Ennius by *Scipio* that great man was sought,
And from the mountaines of *Calabria* brought.
Vnhonoured now the Iuy garland lyes,
The ancient worship done to Poets dyes;
Yet we should striue our owne fames to awake,
Homer a liuing lasting worke did make;
His *Iliads* call'd, else who had *Homer* knowne,
Had *Danae* in her tower an old wife growne.
And neuer vnto publike view reserted,
How had her beautie being so far reported;

You that applause would for your beauties vvin,
Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in:
At the full folds the she Wolfe seekes her pray,
Though amongst all she steales but one away.
Ioues bird the Eagle when she soares most high,
To seaze one fowle doth at a Couy fly,
Frequent you faire ones vvhere men may you see,
Mongst many one, best part will fancy thee:
In euery part where thou shalt chance to sit, (get:
Loose none by frownes whom thou by smiles maist
The bow of *Cupid* neuer stands vnbent,
And oftentimes things fall by accident.
Be thou prepar'd, hang alwaies out thy hooke;
For in that streame where thou no fish wouldst look
A fish by chance may bite, oft haue I seene, (bene.
The wandring hound range where no game hath
And Harts that scapes the chase whē no man minds them,
Fall in the toyles, and there the keeper finds them.
What hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound,
Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:
Being prepar'd for death beset with feares,
Blubbed thy cheeks, thy eyes quite drownd in teares,
At buriall of one husband well I wot,
Another husband hath bene oft times got.
Weeping for him that's lost, may hap to grace thee,
And in the bosome of a second place thee:
But in your choise especially beware,
Of such effeminate men as starch their haire.
Pranke vp themselues who lispe and cannot leaue it,
Loue complement, and use to smell of Ciuit:
They haue a thousand loues what they protest,
To thee they'll do as vnto all the rest.
Vnst ay'd such be, and what will women say, (they!
When in their thoughts they are more light then

Scarce

Scarce will they credit me, and yet 'tis true,
Troy had yet stood, and *Ilium* bene in view,
Had euery thing bene swaid as *Priam* spake,
But good aduise they leaue, fond counsell take.
There are vvho vnder shew of loue do fame,
And by such passage seeke dishonest game:
Let no mans haire deceiue with powders sweet,
Nor studded girles which are short and meet:
Nor their fine woman coates a sightly thing,
Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.
Perhaps who in this kind most gallant goes,
Is a close theefe, and loues nought but your clothes.
Some Maides thus roab'd, so loud cry for their owne
That all the towne and Country heares their mone.
Venus whose golden shines at *Apian* stand,
And *Pallas* laugh a good these strifes in hand:
There are some Maides to sure but of bad fame,
Who oft deceiu'd are thought to vse the same.
Oh learne by others plaints to heare your owne,
Ope not your eares to men whose frauds are known.
Beleeue not *Theseus Athens* though he sweare,
The gods can heare no more then they heare.
And thou *Demophoon Theseus* falshood haire,
Phillis deceiued nones truth by speeches faire.
If men make promises, then Maides make you,
If men performe, performe your vowed ioyes too.
Now Ile come nearer, Muse, take faster hold,
Nor loose thy seat, the wheeles though swiftly rolde
Men frame them, let maides vowes, some else where
Let some maids take their course, for it were fit: (writ
Look on them, read them, frō the words then gather
Whether he faines or sues intirely rather.
After some while write backe; ever delayes,
Inflames a louer; so no tedious stayes,

Louers disloyaltie in many. Seuerall passages.

Shew not the plyant, to the youth denyes,
Nor yet deny him what by suite he plyes:
Let him both feare and hope by euery letter,
Be his feare lesse, his hope comes sure and better.
Be your phrase pure, but common vsuall words,
In speech the playnest stile best grace affords:
Full oft ambiguous vvords loue so misplace,
And a foule tongue hath hurt a beauteous face.
But since although you yet not married be,
To go beyond vs men that care take ye.
By maides or some knowne lad your letters send,
And to no strange young man tokens commend.
I haue seene some maides so terrifide with this,
That ever after they were slaues I wisse:
Faithlesse he is who keepes such tokens backe,
And burnes like *Ætna* till he ope the packe:
Trust me, vve may vvith fraud quite fraud againe,
From force to shield, from force the lawes maintaine
One maide must vse her selfe to many hands,
Ill might he speed whose shifts this rule commands
Deface the old seale when you do reply.
And to one vvriting, but one hand apply.
Subscribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,
Be his, as he vvas yours, this art approue;
If from small things vve may to greater go,
And in our ship spread our full saile to show.
Impedi-ments to beauty. It longs to beautie to haue manners milde,
Sweet pace fits vvomen, fierce rage sauage vvilde.
Anger. Rage swels the face, the vaines makes blacke vvith
The eyes blase ghastly like fell *Gorgons* brood (blood
Away quoth she I prize not feature so,
Pallas should view her face, vvhere vvaters flow;
And should you looke your anger in your glasse,
You wold scarce discerne your visage whose it was.

No

Nor do we leſſe blame proud, and haughty lookes, Pride.
Gentle and humble eyes are *Cupids* hookes;
We men do hate this ouer-weening pride.
Shew in the ſilent face, truſt him hath tride.
View him viewes you, if men, then vvomen ſmile,
Signes made to you, make ſignes, 'twill men beguile;
Thus vvhiles he playes before vvith headles dart,
Cupid hath after wounded to the hart.
We hate men ſaid *Aiax*, *Tremiſſa* take,
We merry *Greeks* blith vvenches ſweet harts make;
Andromache *Tremeſſa* all your ſtate,
Could not moue me to chuſe you for my mate.
Take gifts of rich men who do law profeſſe,
Gixe him no fee, be his clyent, need the leſſe;
We that make verſe, let vs ſend onely verſe,
Our harts are pliant, vvhoſe loue ſoone doth pierce;
We ſpread abroad ſweet beauties, laſting praiſe,
We *Nemeſis*, vve *Cinthea* honour raiſe; Poets.
The Eaſt and Weſt land knew lou'd *Licoris*,
And many aske who our *Corinna* is.
Beſides we Poets from all frauds are free,
And forward manners by our Poetrie;
Nor honour vs, nor love of money pleaſe,
We ſlight our gaines, for priuacy and eaſe,
Soone are we caught, our loues burne fierce & bold
And vvhere vve loue vve know to vvell to hold,
So 'tis we ſoften nature by meeke art,
And as our ſtudies, ſo our loues take part;
A fauour Maidens, a bleſt Poets will,
Heauens power vve haue, the Muſes owne vs ſtill.
A God is in vs, we commerce vvith *Ioue*,
The ſpirit in vs boue your bright ſtarres doth moue;
To looke for money from vs what a crime,
And yet no Maides do feare it in our time,

At firſt be not too eager, faine beware,
A nouice louer ſlights an open ſnare;
Nor do we rule a horſe new broke to backe,
With the ſame raines as he that's skild to racke:
To catch one ſtaid in yeares, and a briske ſwaine,
Muſt not one way, may not one courſe be taine.
He's rude, and in loues tents uere ſeene before,
Who as a new pray touch'd thy chamber doore.
Who knows no Maide but thee, none elſe wold know
This corne may be high fenced that it may grow:
If one, he is thine owne, no riuells frowne,
Two things admits no mate, Loue and a Crowne;
That ancient ſouldiers wife and ſoftly loue,
And much that younger ſcornes he meekely proues;
He'll breake no poſts, nor burne vvith furious fire,
Nor ſcratch his Miſtris ſoft cheekes in his ire,
He'll teare no clothes, nis loues nor his owne,
Nor ſhall his torne haire giue him cauſe of mone;
Theſe things fits youthes, whoſe loue as age is hot,
This beares harſh wounds gently as they were not;
Old men burne ſoftly like a torch that's dry,
As woods from heath cut downe when firſt they lye
Old mens loue ſure, youth ſhort, but fruitfull made,
Maides plucke thoſe fruites betimes, betimes vvhich (fade,
Nay yeeld vp all, ope the gates to our foe,
That faith from faithleſſe treaſure once may flow;
What's eaſie granted long loue cannot feed,
Be lyall from your ſports muſt oft proceed;
Let them wake at the gate cry cruell dore,
Do humbly much, but in their threats much more,
We loath theſe ſweetes, bitter loue makes them new,
That wine oft drown'd the ſhip by which it flew;
'Tis this makes men their wiues to flight ſo ſtill,
They are ready preſt vvhen ere their husbands will.

Let the Maide run and cry we are vndone,
And hide the sacred youth till feare be gone:
Yet sport him midst those feares lest he mispriſe,
Your night's nor so much vvorth such feare should rise,
I had like to passe by what art to deceiue,
You husband and sly keeper to bereaue.
Wiues feare your husbands, who must keepe you in
'Tis firme by law right modesty hath bin.
Her to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,
Who can endure to auoide these meanes be sought:
As many keepe thee as had *Argos* eyes,
If thou wilt out thou shalt defeat with lyes,
You'll say your keeper doth withstand to write,
Take water for your selfe what time you might,
What can a keeper when the Cities fill,
Of playes and Maides see horses run that will.
When she will, a Maide complaines her head,
And faining sicke, hides whom she will in bed:
When the false key tells plainely what is done,
And to her chamber are more wayes then one.
Besides, a keeper may be foxt with wine,
Preſt from the grapes of Spaine, and so made thine:
And there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleepe,
And shut the eyes fast drencht in *Lethe* deepe.
You know Maides to May quickly find some way,
By long made sports to hold him in delay.
But what need I for to go farre about,
When one small gift may buy the Keeper out.
Gifts truſt me do appease both gods and men,
By gifts euen *Ioue* is pleated now and then.
What do the vvise since fooles in gifts delight,
Giue, and the husband sayes naught, say he might:
Hast bought thy keeper once he's thine for euer,
The helpe he once affords heele faile thee neuer.

To deceiue the most watchfull keeper.

I blam'd companions now it comes to mind,
The hurt by it not men alone do find.
Beleeue me, other Maides thy ioyes may taſte,
And otherswith thee hunt the Hare as faſt,
The vvench that ſweepes the chãber makes the bed,
With ſports of loue hath more then once bin ſped,
Let not your waiting Maides be ouer faire,
Their Miſtris place by them ſupplyed are.
Where run I Madman. naked againſt my foe,
And ope thoſe ports that may me overthrow:
The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
The Harts teach not the dog to run & ſhake them,
Looke too't that need my taske Ile do indeed,
Though 'tis to lend a ſword to make me bleed:
'Tis eaſie to make vs thinke we are beloued,
Their faith which do deſire is quickly moved:
Smile louely on a youth, ſigh from your hart,
Aske why he comes ſo late, a pretty art. (loue,
Shed ſome few teares, faine griefe for ſome cloſe
And teare your haire as doth your paſſions mo u:
He is ouercome ſtraite, pitty he will take,
And ſay this care is onely for my ſake:
If he be ſpruce, and looke faire in the glaſſe,
He'll thinke the gods loue him, let not this paſſe:
Who ere thou art be not thy worth to ſtrong,
Nor rage not ouer much, hath he done vvrong?
Truſt not too ſoone vvhat art is in this caſe,
Procris may be example haue you grace,
Neare to *Hymettus* hill a holy vvell,
And a moiſt ground thicke graſt the ancients tell:
The vvood, but vnderwood about this land,
The Crab tree, Roſemary, Bay, Mirtle ſtand.
The thicke leau'd boxe, the Tamariske ſo ſmall,
Low ſhrubs, neat Pines, there do theſe trees grow all

The hiſtory of Procris.

The deſcrip. on of Hymettus,

The

The gentle Weſt winde and the healthfull aire,
Blow all thoſe leaues grasblades which are there:
Cephalus loued reſt, his hounds and men forgone,
Weary in youth this ground oft ſate vpon:
And thus he ſings, thou which doſt lay my heate,
Age, my breaſt come gentle aire and beate.
One ouer dutious told his fearefull vvife,
Theſe words ſhe heard, and ſo began the ſtrife,
Procris who for a ſtrumpet tooke this care,
Fell downe much moued with a ſuddaine feare.
Looke to the vine leafe vvhich you lateſt gather,
She lookt ſo pale, or farre more paler rather,
And the ripe Quince tree which doth bend his bowes
Or dog tree fruit which none for meat allowes.
Come to her ſelfe, her garments quite ſhe tore,
From of her breaſt, and made her breaſt all gore,
And without ſtay in rage and haſt ſhe goes,
Her haire about her neck like *Bacchus* froes:
Being neare the place, her mate ſhe leaues behind,
Steales ſlyly to the wood, no feare in mind.
'Tis thus thou thinkeſt now, who this aire ſhould be
And her diſhoneſt tricks thine eyes ſhall ſee:
He comming ſhames her now, ſhe would not take her
Yet now ſhe's glad ſhe's come, lone doubtfull makes
The name, the place, the ſigne, all theſe agree.
And what the mind feares, that it thinks to be.
Seeing the graſſe ſo by ſome body preſt:
Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breſt:
Now the mid-day had made the ſhadowes ſhort,
The euening and the morne of equall port;
Young *Cephalus* returnes vnto the wood,
And cooles his face with water as he ſtood.
Procris ſtands cloſe, on the graſſe he layes him faire,
And cries aloud, blow Weſt wind, come ſweet aire.

So soone as she had heard the erronious name,
Her mind and her true colour to her came,
She rises, vvith her body the leaues shake,
In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take:
He thought it some wilde beast, snatcht vp his bow,
His arrow in his right hand wont to show.
What dost thou vvretch, 'tis no beast, stay thy dart.
Alas, thy arrowe pierce a womans hart:
She cryes out, thou hast stroke thy louing breast,
Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer rest.
I dye before my time, not wrong'd in loue,
This earth made me suspect thee light to proue:
Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust,
I die, close thou my eyes, lay me in the dust.
She ended speech and life, and falling downe,
Her husband takes her last breath from the ground:
He beares his dying loue in wofull armes,
And wailes with teares so strange and deadly harmes:
But let us backe. I see I must be plaine,
At the lost hauen that our ship may againe.
You looke now to be brought unto a feast,
And that we teach you here as in the rest:
Come late, but comely brought in by night,
Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath might.
Though thou be blacke thou shalt be faire to all
The night vvill hide thy faults both great and small:
Eate neatly with your fingers art commands,
Wipe not thy whole face vvith thy dirty hands.
How maides must behaue themselues at meate.
Eat not to long, leaue ere you would forbeare,
More then thou well canst do, this councell heare:
Were *Hellen* greedy, *Paris* would her hate,
And say my rape is foolish out of date,
To drinke is comely and more fit for you,
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*, this is true,

Drinke,

Drinke, but yet not more then you well can beare;
And what is one, let it not two appeare;
A shamefull thing to see a woman drunke,
Such a one is fit to be each base knaues punke.
Nor is it safe to sleepe the tables drawne,
Much shamefull things haue in your sleepe bin sawne
'Tis shame to teach you more, yet *Dion* sayes,
Shame is the chiefest subiect of these leyes.
Each know your selues as you your bodies see,
So frame your lying in forme that it may be. *Gestures in lying.*
Whose face is beauteous, she must lye vpright,
Whose backe is best, that still must be in sight;
Atlantues thighes vpon his shoulders wore,
Menalion be these best, shew these the more.
Low Maides must tide, *Thebais* was somewhat long,
Nere sate on *Hectors* horse her pride among,
Who hath a long side which she'd haue in eye,
Let her bend to her knees her necke awry;
Whose hidden parts haue not a fault or spot,
Lye euer sidelong, pray forget it not.
Nor thinke it a disgrace your haire to loose,
And then thy necke cast backward still to choose.
Thou that art ragged close and couered lye,
And from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly.
Loue hath a thousand wayes most voyd of pride,
To lie halfe vpright on the righter side.
Apollos, *Tripos*, nor horrid *Ammon* say,
Nor things more true then what are in our lay;
If there be truth in art got by long vse,
Beleeue and trust, you'l find it in our muse.
Maides see you loue vs men, plucke from the roote,
One thing may helpe you and steed to boote; (sweet
Reale not faire words, cease not close whispering
And wanton words must with your sports oft meet.

And

And thou whō nature hath bard loues quicke sence,
Faine pleasant ioyes though the things be from thence:
Vnhappy Maide to vvhom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman should be full.
Yet when you faine, beware, let none else know it,
For feare thy gesture and thy eyes may shew it,
What helpes the speech and shewes the breath is ill,
That part hath secrets and would hide it still.
Who seekes a man after enioyment straite,
Loving a gst would not her prayers had weight;
Ope not your vvindowes wide to take in light,
Much in your bodyes rather fits the night.
Our sport is done, 'tis time the Swaines depart,
Which on their necks as yoakes haue drawne our art
As *Men* before, say *Maides*, when ye preuaile,
Quid our Master was, his hart our saile.

Conclusion of the worke.

FINIS.